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FROM

Winthrop Wetherbee







CHS



NOV 16 1911

A Periodical of Protest

The slogan of the theologians—Cough!

Entered twenty-fifth March 1911  
for the Society of the Pious  
Lovers and Published by  
them Monthly. Subscription  
from One Dollar Yearly.  
Single Copies Ten Cents.  
JUNE 1911



# The hilistine



A Periodical of Protest

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The slogan of the theologians—Cough!

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JUNE, 1906 



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# The Philistine

Vol. 23

JUNE, 1906

No. 1

## Ballade of the Man Who Was Born Before His Time

### I



**THOUGH** I crave quiet and peace of  
mind  
With books and babes in rustic  
ease,  
A field in front and a wood behind,  
A still brook lost in the silent trees,  
My sails are balked by a wayward breeze  
Which bears me away from that sweet clime ;  
I murmur in vain at Fate's decrees :  
Alas ! I was born before my time.

### II

I never could lie for a gain in hand,  
Nor cheat in trade, as many expect,  
Nor welcome a thief with aspect bland,  
Nor find content in my day's text  
Where Letters and Art are both unsexed  
And fear dooms even the rich to crime.  
However I try I cannot get next :  
Alas ! I was born before my time.

1634-11  
" **THE PHI-  
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**III**

Long I have striven to learn their ways ;  
These men who reap what other men sow ;  
In church and business, books and plays,  
With eyes wide open to each I go,  
And now at the last how little I know,  
I make confession in this sad rhyme.  
The mind is willing but the heart says no :  
Alas ! I was born before my time.

**L'ENVOI**

Prince, even as the first man, standing stark,  
Surveyed with awe Primeval Slime,  
So I look out on a world as dark :  
Alas ! I was born before my time.

—FRANK PUTNAM



We are traveling to the Beautiful  
City of the Ideal, and all good work  
done is a report of our progress.



**Heart to Heart Talks with Phi-  
listines by the Pastor of his Flock**



**H**E average person, altho perhaps  
free from superstitious beliefs, is  
not free from orthodox habits.  
The habit of fear, hate, and cold feet  
is upon us all

Very many otherwise sensible people labor under the hallucination that it is the quantity of food we eat that makes us strong. After a square meal, with plenty of meat, we expect to be ready for any conflict—mental or physical—and if we do not get quite enough to eat, or just what we want, we feel “weak as a cat,” and explain the fact to our friends.

Many people have to be supplied coffee in bed before they have the courage to face the day.

¶ I know a man who weighs two hundred who occasionally awakens in the night and feels so faint, that he gets up and gropes his way to the pantry where he fortifies himself against fate with a mince pie.

The superstitious habit is upon us!

What we need to know is that lack of health, diminishing strength, business disasters, loss of friends, and that faint feeling are all directly caused by chronic abnormal conditions of mind.

¶ Like old Job, that which we feared has come upon us. By a wrong mental attitude we have set in motion a train of events that ends in disaster. ¶ People who die in middle life from disease, almost without exception, have been preparing for death. The acute tragic condition is simply the result of a chronic state of mind—a culmination of events.

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**I**N days agoe I have taken some side-winders at doctors, but I now want to say, to ease my conscience, that there are a few doctors who are big, generous, truthful men, and who are brave enough to tell their patients truth even at the risk of offending them. One of the big men of this country is Dr. J. H. Tilden of Denver. Tilden is so big and great that he has never been encysted in professional learning; nor lost in a capsule of Latin derivatives; nor has he, like a small sponge, been sewed up thru error, in an abdominal cavity by an over-worked or absent-minded surgeon.

Some time ago I made the statement that cancer was often the direct result of persistent wrong thinking, and it brought down on me thru the mails a fine assortment of epithets from people who were confident they knew better. ¶ But now comes Dr. Tilden and not only declares that hate, worry, excess, fear, and mid-night meals may cause cancer, but hernia also. And that the conditions named may so thin your blood and relieve it of its fibrin, that if you have a tooth pulled, there is not sufficient coagulating substance in the blood to stop hemorrhage and you may bleed to death, this with the help of a fool doctor who stimulates your heart's action instead of diminishing it.

The typhoid fever bacillus lives for three weeks and then dies, unless the doctor stuffs his patient and feeds the germs so they may reproduce, then the fever lasts six weeks or possibly twelve. It is a contest between the bacilli and patient—the winner taking the gate receipts. Tuberculosis is a fight between the man and the microbes. Often the man dies first. But if he can keep out of doors, soak his hide full of sunshine and eat nourishing food, and begins this mode of life early enough, the tuberculæ die and the man lives on until he is ninety-two. An autopsy then would show scars and cicatrices in the lung tissue, caused by the ravages of disease, sixty years before.

Tuberculæ are found in every healthy person, but in reasonable quantity. It is only an excess of tuberculæ that is dangerous. In right numbers bacilli tear down worthless tissue so Nature can remove it, and thus are a beneficial factor in life's economy. Was n't it David Harum who told us a reasonable number of fleas were good for a dog?

Once when I was about fifteen years old I went with my father to see a man who was suffering from strangulated hernia, the result of an accident. Two doctors were working over him, and the poor fellow was suffering terribly from their

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manipulations. Q My father took charge of the case at once. "Here, Bert," said he, "You get hold of this man's feet and stand on that chair!" Q I seized the patient by the ankles and stood him on his head. In ten seconds the hernia was reduced.

My father applied a tampon, which was later replaced by a truss, and the man got well.

QUESTION:—Did we reduce the hernia? No, we simply availed ourselves of natural law—the law of gravitation. All we did was to give Nature a chance.

Dr. Tilden is so big and great that he believes we should always give Nature a chance.

Tilden says disease is the result of wrong thinking, and wrong thinking leads to wrong action, and wrong action leads to reduced tonicity of the muscular fibres and as a result we get hernia, cancer, appendicitis—an attack upon the weakest point in our physical fortress.

Of course I like Tilden—he corroborates what I say—or at least some of the things I say—and from his pew shouts, "Amen!"

Most chronic invalids are suffering from medication—poisoning of the system thru drugs taken to relieve a discomfort. The said discomfort being a beneficent warning on the part of Nature, trying to call attention to bad air, bad

food, too much food, budge, booze, hate, fear, **THE PHI-**  
envy, jealousy and a hot intent to have a good **LISTINE**  
time, a fear of punishment after death and a  
lustful looking forward to an eternity of idle  
rest in heaven.

These are all dangerous things—bad for the  
digestion, causing malnutrition, faulty circula-  
tion, imperfect sleep, and loss of that resiliency,  
or resisting power, without which health flags—  
the bars are down, and the cows are in the corn.

¶ A rational love of life—this life here and now  
—means allowing Nature's forces to play thru  
you. Man is a land animal and an air-breathing  
animal. You can't live in the water or up a  
tree, or up a sky-scraper—all the time. If you  
try it, you soon lose your resisting power and  
succumb to any old disease that happens to be  
along about that time. A disease is like a gray  
wolf on the plain—it attacks the weak, the lame  
and the depressed—all who lag behind. And  
when it gives a yelp, up from their hiding places  
come more wolves. No person ever died from  
one disease—he falls victim to a whole pack of  
diseases. He acquires one, but does n't succumb  
until another one with sharper fangs shows up.  
This one that deals the death-blow the doctors  
call a "complication."

A doctor can manage lumbago, but when the



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patient begins to retch, has vertigo, hemorrhage, a fluttering heart, & reversed peristalsis begins, the doctor gets panic-stricken and joining hands with the complication, gives morphine—and rest follows.

In various state legislatures bills are up giving doctors the right to kill their patients, under certain conditions. These are unnecessary measures, quite—doctors take the lives of their patients now and they always have.

---

**I**F you do not want the doctor to take your life, keep away from him. Dig daily in the dirt; get on good terms with trees and flowers, birds and grass—they are your brothers, all; mix more with animals and less with men; love horses and cows and care for them; be extravagant only in the use of fresh air; eat anything you like, but in moderation; think well of everybody—even doctors, lawyers and preachers, for they are all acting according to their highest light. Keep busy—activity is life. The genuine joys of life are to be gotten from useful effort, and to hunt for pleasure is to lose it. Do your work and pleasure will come to you. Health is your due and will flow to you naturally if you do not get too anxious about it. God is on our side.

**T**HE wide acceptance & practice of Fletcherism is bound to lessen human ills and lengthen life to a degree no man can compute.

**Q** The practice of Fletcherism is as free from danger as the reckless use of the warm peduluvia. It demands no mechanism & soon evolves into an enjoyable habit. Its only disadvantage is that no one can successfully do the work for you—in its exercise you cannot employ cheap labor **لبر لبر**

It is so simple it makes the learned laugh. When it is explained everybody says: "We always knew it."

In fact, a few have always practised it.

It is not patented, nor covered by copyright.

**Q** We can even make use of Fletcherism and hoot Fletcher; we can follow his ideas and sneeze on mention of his name, altho, as a matter of psychology, I would advise any one who wants to get the most out of Fletcherism to think well of Fletcher—and everybody.

What is Fletcherism? I'll tell you.

It is the education of the physical sense of taste.

How can I exercise my sense of taste?

In one way only—by tasting.

When you eat, take small mouthfuls and taste your food—taste, taste, taste.

Hold your food in your mouth, and taste it,

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masticate it, chew it, munch it, even tho it be milk. Keep tasting it, until all taste disappears and when this happens it will disappear of itself by involuntary swallowing.

Nature's plan is that the first step of digestion shall occur in the mouth. The saliva is a chemical production—the invention of God, and you cannot safely omit it. Saliva changes starch into sugar.

People who put forth an effort to swallow, bolt their food, and leave it to the thirty-two feet of alimentary canal to care for. Food not masticated—that is perfectly mixed with saliva, putrefies, throws off gas and makes of the man more or less of a nuisance to society. Windy Bill as a companion is no more desirable than Calamity Jake, no matter how many college degrees he holds, nor what church he attends.

Gents who eat seven courses, well washed down, need a nap after dinner with a copy of the "New York World" over their faces to keep off the bluebottles. They have bulk but not beauty, size instead of strength and sleepy tips instead of subtlety of discernment.

Without making any argument for the use of intoxicants, I wish to say that the man who sips his drink will never become a drunkard, but the person who gulps his drink may. All

drunkards gulp and bolt as a habit, and every drunkard is suffering from imperfect nutrition. Indeed, the craving for stimulants is a sure indication of an improperly nourished body.

Most people are human sewer-traps, carrying with them constantly decaying masses of refuse that keep them fifty per cent sick. The real wonder is that they live at all. Eczema, gout, headache, pimples, boils, bad breath are all symptoms of food-poisoning.

Nature supplies us an unfailing guide to quality and quantity.

This guide is the sense of taste.

Where you taste everything you eat, holding it in your mouth and masticating it until the sense of taste is gone you will never eat too much, nor will you eat the wrong thing.

Meat that is "'igh" you can bolt like a buzzard, but Nature will forbid your holding it in your mouth and there reducing it to a fluid. Your glands will refuse to supply saliva for it, and it will be spewed like false doctrine. Pto-maine poisoning—a most dreadful thing—could not occur if the person held the morsel in his mouth and chewed on it for ten seconds. Man enjoys the supreme privilege of being able to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains. He can eat the wrong thing—the wild

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ass of the desert never does. ¶ Man enjoys the sole distinction, of all the animals, of being the only one that resorts to suicide. Man is often on such bad terms with life that he runs away from it—in him the elements are not well mixed.

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**T**HAT which tastes right and to which the salivary glands respond, is good for food and will agree with you : that which makes you close your eyes and work your swallowing apparatus hard—all that which has to be washed down or that requires a chaser, is going to tax your vitality thirty per cent ad valorem and eventually take your carcass for pay.

Fletcherism does not mean that you shall diet, nor painstakingly select and analyze. It means eat anything you like, but chew it until it is swallowed automatically. Enjoy it—that is the idea. Eat like an epicure who lives to eat—this is the kind of eating that will make you live.

To masticate the morsel, holding it in your mouth until it is fluid, means that you will cut down the quantity of your food about one-half. Sip your coffee and chew it, and you never will drink two cups. Probably you will be satisfied with less than one cup. One egg will satisfy you, where before it required two. And as for

meat a gradual dislike for the flesh of dead animals will come stealing over your senses. Cannibals I am told always bolt their missionary. ¶ Fletcherism implies the calm, quiet, deliberate enjoyment of your food. Things you cannot enjoy you will not eat. Nature will take care of you—trust her! Eat to enjoy your food, and for no other reason. When you cannot enjoy your food do not eat. Trust your desires. If you have no appetite, it means that your system demands a rest. Have faith—you are a part of Nature and are very dear to her—she will not desert you ❧ ❧

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**T**HE age is right for Fletcherism for we no longer believe that Nature is a trickster, luring us on into sin & wrong to work our ruin. ¶ Thru the belief that Nature was opposed to God, men turned from the enjoyment of the senses as base. We first replaced Nature with religion, and then we introduced a strange composite thing, born of one parent, the Intellect, and we call it Civilization.

It has been for Horace Fletcher to show us that Nature and Civilization are not wholly incompatible.

Civilization has well nigh deprived us of physical courage by appointing Irish specialists with

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night sticks and hurry-up wagons to protect us, instead of allowing us to protect ourselves.

Our search for knowledge has made us myopic, so we grope instead of seeing.

A very commonplace yellow dog has a better sense of smell than the best man.

The sense of taste in many people is almost rudimentary ♪ And down in Philadelphia a doctor has discovered a new disease for which he prophesies great things.

He calls it, "the Telephone Ear," and he has a private hospital where he operates on affected souse ♪ ♪

There have been those who say that the man of the future will be bald, blind, deaf and devoid of the sense of smell and taste. Sans eyes, sans ears, sans taste, sans everything! However, we are not alarmed, for before this dread condition comes, people will cease to reproduce. The third generation, now, city bred, is impotent. The argument of Malthus that if the rate of increase kept on, that in the year 2000 mankind would be standing on each other three deep has no terrors, for we know that long before men stand on each other's heads they will cease to breed. Starving people do not fall in love. ♪ Horace Fletcher says, "Use your senses and use them rationally if you would keep them."

There is only one sense really, and that is feeling. Seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting are all variations of the sense of feeling. See, hear, smell, taste—enjoy!

Mr. Fletcher especially believes that thru the disuse of our sense of taste we have acquired abnormal appetites—vicious desires—false taste, and the only way to get back to Nature is to chew, masticate, munch everything we eat.

Q To give the world a scientific lesson Mr. Fletcher placed himself under the charge of physicians who kept accurate record of his physical functions for a year and found that with one-half the food consumed by the average person, the man had double the capacity for work. He proved this; it is not what you eat, but what you digest that gives you strength.

Q Then Mr. Fletcher took various other candidates and by their following his plan of perfect tasting & complete mastication, with no special plan of exercise or diet, the quantity of their food was reduced and the weight of the persons was cut down, in some cases, from two hundred to one hundred and sixty pounds. All this with a greatly increased capacity for mental and physical endurance.

To practice Fletcherism you do not have to send for Fletcher. You do not even have to get



**THE PHILISTINE** his consent or remit him anything for the right to use his ideas.


All you have to do is to taste, taste, taste, and chew, munch and masticate.

Great is Horace Fletcher for he has told us the things we always knew, but which we never knew we knew until he told us.




**AN EPIGRAM :** A vividly expressed truth that is so, or not, as the case may be.



 **HE** man who is paid twenty dollars a week, and who insists on doing the work of a five dollar a week girl, is robbing his employer at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents a day.

**Q** He is also preparing the way for a cut in his pay to the same wage that is paid the girl.

The cut in salary comes when he has reached the limit of his employer's patience.

Or if perchance the intelligence of the employer does not discover the fact that the twenty dollar a week man is doing the work of a five dollar a week girl, then the policy of the business is such that it spells disintegration, and all hands will shortly be polishing benches in the park 

The average woman sees only the weak points in a strong man, and the good points in a weak one. **THE PHILISTINE**



**SEE** that the Hon. Bird S. Coler declares that Dr. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools for New York City, is "the most dangerous man in Manhattan."

This is nothing against Dr. Maxwell.

It is, however, a very grim indictment of the mental processes of Bird.

Just open your history and take the men whom the politicians have pronounced "dangerous" and you have a list of the saviors of the world. Socrates, Aristotle, Jesus, Savonarola, Lincoln, and in fact every great and noble teacher who ever lived was regarded by the Birds as "dangerous". However, they are not dangerous to the people—only to the Birds.

I congratulate Dr. Maxwell that the professional politicians—the spoilsmen—have sworn not to rest until they destroy him.

They will not destroy him; they will destroy themselves.

The chief offense of Dr. Maxwell in the mind of Bird is that he has largely taken the New York public school system out of politics, and

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in his appointment of teachers has selected those of marked mental worth instead of those put forth by the henchmen and ward bosses. Dr. Maxwell has also raised the pay of his teachers, an unforgivable thing to Bird.

All of our wonderful progress in pedagogy has come thru the introduction of the Froebel methods. The Kindergarten ideals do not neglect reading, writing and 'rithmetic, but beyond these they work for beauty, love, competence and truth. Every Kindergarten is a radiating center. Every school that educates the parents by sending home with the children a desire for beauty, system and order is righteous and well. And this is just what the methods of Dr. Maxwell are doing in New York. He is working to evolve strong, earnest, competent, happy, self-reliant men and women.

The people who oppose Dr. Maxwell either do not comprehend what he is doing, or they are persons intent on place and pelf.

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**I**T is qualities that fit a man to live, not the mental possession of facts. The school that best helps form character, not the one that imparts the most information, is the college the future will demand.

I do not know of a single college or university

in the world that focuses on qualities. The Kindergarten does and so do the grade schools, just in proportion to the extent that they introduce Froebel methods. I do not know of a university in America excepting Tuskegee, that prohibits the use of tobacco among its students. At Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia and Princeton, cigarettes are optional, but when one sees the devotion to them, a stranger would surely suppose the practice of cigarette smoking was compulsory. The boy who does not acquire the tobacco habit at college is a wonder. Many of the professors teach it. At all our great colleges, gymnasium and useful work are optional. Instead of physical culture there are athletics, and those who need gymnasium the most are ashamed to be seen there.

How would the scientific cultivation of these do? ❧

**BODILY QUALITIES** :—Health of digestion, circulation, breathing, manual skill, vocal speech, and ease in handling all muscles.

**MENTAL QUALITIES** :—Painstaking, patience, decision, perseverance, courage, following directions, tact, logic, concentration, insight, observation, mental activity, accuracy and memory ❧

**MORAL QUALITIES** :—Putting oneself in

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another's place or thoughtfulness for others, which includes kindness, courtesy, good cheer and honesty, fidelity to a promise—self-control, self-reliance and self-respect.

If you knew of a college that made a specialty of Qualities, where the teachers were persons of Quality, would you not send your boy there? And if you would send your boy to such a school, would not others do so, too? These things being true, will we not as a people soon decide to pay teachers enough to secure Quality—which is not presuming to say we have none now—and will not such a school thus evolve thru the law of Supply and Demand, a college that approximates the ideal?

The Hon. Bird Coler believes that to read, write, and "cipher" is education enough for a working-man's child. Self-control, consideration for others, civility, good cheer, the habit of happiness, and the ability to skilfully use one's hands he pronounces "fads and frills."

¶ The idea of "once a laborer always a laborer," is strong in the vacuum he calls his mind. A system of caste is what he dotes on; a serving class is his delight; to perpetuate this serving class is his ambition.

The curse of a serving class is that it makes a servile class, and this class hatches a class of

parasites that have to be waited on. ¶ The chief THE PHILISTINE  
concern of civilization is to eliminate the  
parasite.

There is a certain amount of work to do in the world and some one has to do it; and the reason some have to work from daylight until dark and their work is never done, is because many never work at all.

Superintendent Maxwell is teaching children to wait on themselves, to wait on their parents, to look out, not in, up, not down and lend a hand. He teaches the beauty and excellence of service, the sin of idleness; but the perpetuity of a serving class that merely fetches and carries for the wasteful and the extravagant, he is very gently but firmly opposed to ¶ Hence the opposition of the Birds!



The only right I want is the right to be useful.



RELIGION of just being kind would be a pretty good religion, don't you think so?

But a religion of kindness and useful effort is nearly a perfect religion.

¶ We used to think that it was a man's belief concerning a dogma that would fix his place in

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eternity. This was because we believed God was a grumpy, grouchy old gentleman, stupid, touchy and dictatorial. A really good man would not damn you even if you didn't like him, but a bad man would.

As our ideas of God changed, we ourselves changed for the better. Or, as we thought better of ourselves, we thought better of God.

It will be character that locates our place in another world, if there is one, just as it is character that fixes our place here.

And character is the result of but two things: Our mental attitude, and the way we spend our time.


We are weaving character every day, and the way to weave the best character is to be kind and to be useful.

It is what we think and what we do that make us what we are.



History is only a collection of epitaphs.



 R. STANLEY HALL of Clark University once said in a lecture at Chautauqua, "Every child has in his heart the art instinct and would naturally evolve into an artist if not thwarted by teachers and parents. Very early

in life we are weaned from art and beauty and loaded up with the cares of the world."

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The full meaning of Dr. Hall's words did not appeal to me at the time—I was like the English nobility told of by Chauncey Depew—they took his jokes under advisement and laughed the next year.

A month after hearing Dr. Hall, it came to me all at once, "Every child has the art instinct!"

¶ Certainly that is the truth. Babies that can just toddle will dig in the sand if they get a chance—a sand pile is the moral right of every child. Let them dig and make tunnels, bridges, houses, and lay out farms. A dollar load of blocks and a dollar load of sand will supply a brood of babies fun for a year.

Then let them model in clay, and make pictures. The things we do naturally are the things we do without being ordered to do. Children do not have to be told to play in the sand, to make mud pies, to carve wood, to draw pictures. In fact most children are ordered and cautioned on penalty to keep their clothes clean and not play in the sand, and not to make mud pies. They must not whittle with a knife because it makes a muss on the veranda, and then they might cut their fingers. We confiscate the lead pencils to keep the children from marking up our books,



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and we hide the scissors to save our "Munseys," quite forgetful that the best use you can put a "Munseys" to is to give it to the babies to cut up ❧ ❧

The Gospel of Commonsense demands that we must not thwart the growing instincts of the child. We succeed in life only as we move with the current of events, as we comply with Natural Law, or if you prefer, the Law of God.

Before a child can write he tries to draw a picture—every child draws pictures. And surely he would keep right on drawing pictures if not discouraged by loading him with too many other lessons ❧ ❧

Liberty Tadd, one of the most wonderful men I ever knew, used to take a class of a dozen children, slum children, even children of millionaires—poor little things! anybody's children—and set them at work drawing pictures, and the enjoyment they would get out of it was marvelous. In two weeks time many of these children would be drawing with either their left or right hand, and once I saw one of Tadd's pupils, a girl of eight, drawing two pictures at once—a horse with one hand, and a dog with the other.

"To draw a picture of the things he sees should be a part of the education of every child," says

Froebel. And then he adds this undeniable truth, "The educated hand means an educated head, altho the educated head does not necessarily mean a useful or skilful hand. All manual training is mental training. The hand does nothing save as it is directed by the brain. And in order to develop your brain you must use your hands, and to develop both sides of your brain you must use both hands."

We call the man who cannot read or write "illiterate." He is pointed out and laughed at as one disgraced—"he cannot even read or write!"

The time will shortly come when a person who cannot sketch with pencil, pen or crayon will be regarded as one of very faulty education.

Think of a man versed in botany who is not able to draw a picture of an oak leaf so that you can distinguish it from an elm! And what say you of a zoologist who cannot make a picture of a horse that will not also pass for a mule!

¶ Then what shall we say of a person who can speak English, French and German and who has won distinction in Greek and Latin but who cannot express himself in the very first language, and the one universal language, the language of the picture!

Hieroglyphics is the first form of writing, but

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now in our arrogance we skip this stage of our evolution. Nature has given us the hint but we refuse to accept it. To draw is the first step in civilization. Can we leave it out and go unpunished? Dr. Stanley Hall says we cannot. ¶ To learn to draw is not as difficult as to learn a new language. Anybody who will apply himself an hour a day for a few weeks can acquire skill sufficient to draw faces. To be a portrait painter of course is another thing—this is not for the many. Only one man out of ten thousand who knows grammar can write a strong and vivid story, but if he could not write letters to his friends we would regard him as a defective. ¶ Thackeray could write stories and illustrate them, and he usually illustrated them before he wrote them. Writing to Dickens, Thackeray once said, "The delight of my life is to draw pictures and I never see a funny face, or a beautiful one, without feeling for my pencil and pad."

The fact that as a people we cannot draw makes us poor critics of art—inappreciative. You must have tried a thing yourself before you know the difficulty of doing it in a masterly way.

To be akin to the artist you must have tried to be an artist yourself. And this great truth is what William Morris had in mind when he

made his plea for the education of head, hand and heart. **THE PHILISTINE**

To have hands that are not trained to obey your brain will yet be regarded as a disgrace. Most of our education has been a matter of head, and the body has been the prey of chance.

But the hope of the world lies in the fact that educated people are getting awake to the truth that in a manual way we are mostly defectives, and from a manual defective to a moral defective is an easy step. You may know the exceptions to the Greek verb, and be an adept with the ablative, but if your hands and feet do not obey the helm; if your ears buzz and your eyes see crooked, you are in danger of the cigarette habit and our classic friend d. t. Genuine snakes are mostly harmless, but imaginary snakes are all very bad.

To draw demands that you shall see—you must know distance, size, weight. To draw, exercises and strengthens the sense of values—and to know values is wisdom, and wisdom is nothing else than the sense of values. He who is absolutely deficient in the sense of values is a fool—men put distances between themselves and folly only as they cultivate the sense of values.

¶ The sense of values is simply knowing a big thing from a little one—an important proposi-

**THE PHILISTINE** tion from a trivial one. ¶ A person who does not know values is a quibbler and a fusser.

The growing recognition of drawing as a vital factor in education is shown in the great success in this branch of the International Correspondence Schools. To teach drawing by correspondence strikes many people as strange, but when, the other day, I saw a woman of seventy taking her first lesson in drawing from the I. C. S. I just laughed aloud to see what fun it was for her to follow the straight lines, the parallel lines, the curves and circles and send in her "theme". She was learning "the miracle and mystery of the repeated line," to use the phrase of Whistler.


Everybody goes to school nowadays—and should. Even grown-ups are not fully grown—at least none that I ever saw was.

We are all going to school—getting ready for a higher grade.



If you 've got a devil put him to work.



INE people out of ten who write to authors do so for the purpose of expressing their dissatisfaction concerning something the alleged great man has written. And yet these

same people must have found much that pleased them in the writer's work, for we do not continue to read that which repels. The thing they disliked was exceptional, and yet was the item that impressed them most, and caused them to expend their energy, stationery and stamps, just to tell their unseen friend they did not like him. This seems to prove that the things people do not like are hugged to their hearts much closer than the things they like. Emerson loved the good—Carlyle hated the evil. The Carlylean temperament most abounds.

And I suppose if people write to a man to tell him they do not like this or that which he has said or done, those same people carry out the policy in their treatment toward those nearest them. If their friends have faults, as they surely have, they are thrown on the screen 'leven times a day for the family amusement. Ah! reverse there, and try the other clutch!



My gods live in temples made by hands.



**B**ENJAMIN FRANKLIN the best all-round educated man that America has produced, once declared that he didn't know the difference between a Catholic and an Episcopalian.

**THE PHI- LISTINE** Nobody does, unless he be a Catholic or an Episcopalian, any more then he can tell the difference between a Baptist and a Presbyterian.



No man who has achieved great results could ever tell just how he did it. A man is a mystery, even to himself ☞ ☞



Intellectually and morally the fittest have never survived—hence an intellectual race of scrubs!



If your religion does not change you, then you had better change your religion.



Life insurance insures you against your own indiscretion, but it does not insure you against the indiscretion of the managers of the company.



You can always tell what a man has not, by that which he most admires.



Are you complaining of the rate of progress? The world is making head as rapidly as your stupidity will permit.



You are what you think, and not what you think you are.

Cassiodorus once said, "They who spend their lives shooting at targets, may hit the bullseye, but they never see the stars." Chuck your ideals Every Little While and go play leap-frog with your cosmic self.

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Self-reliance is all right but independence is out of the question. No man gets along in life without the co-operation and support of other men.

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A man's estimate of women is based on the woman he has known best. This being true Saint Paul must have been mixed up with a few fine heifers in his day.

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I do not believe that God ever made a want without providing for its supply.

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When George Washington said he could not tell a lie he proved he could.

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I cannot conceive of God's being jealous, angry or full of wrath. All these things reveal lack of power. Jealousy, wrath and anger are most common in small and undeveloped persons; and if God is all-powerful, He never has been and never can be thwarted, balked or incited to unseemliness.



**THE PHI-  
LISTINE** The problem that confronts humanity is not who God is, or how He created Himself and the Universe; but to so understand our surroundings and ourselves that we can utilize the Laws of Nature, and by placing ourselves in line with natural forces attain to the highest possible degree of happiness and mutual usefulness.

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The essence of oratory is honesty. The honest man who believes in his message is the only one who can impress his auditors. To entertain an audience is something else.

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There are some things that should never be mentioned in Polite Society. F'rinstance, the doings of Polite Society.

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The difference between a man of genius and the village setter, is about the same as that between a piano and pianola. A pianola is fool-proof, so the setter can play it, but the piano may emit some great discords—goodness me! that is n't just right, either.

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In recent Associated Press Despatches from Los Angeles I see that the Rev. Dr. Waddy Moss of Diddsburg, says—but who cares a dam what the Rev. Dr. Waddy Moss says?

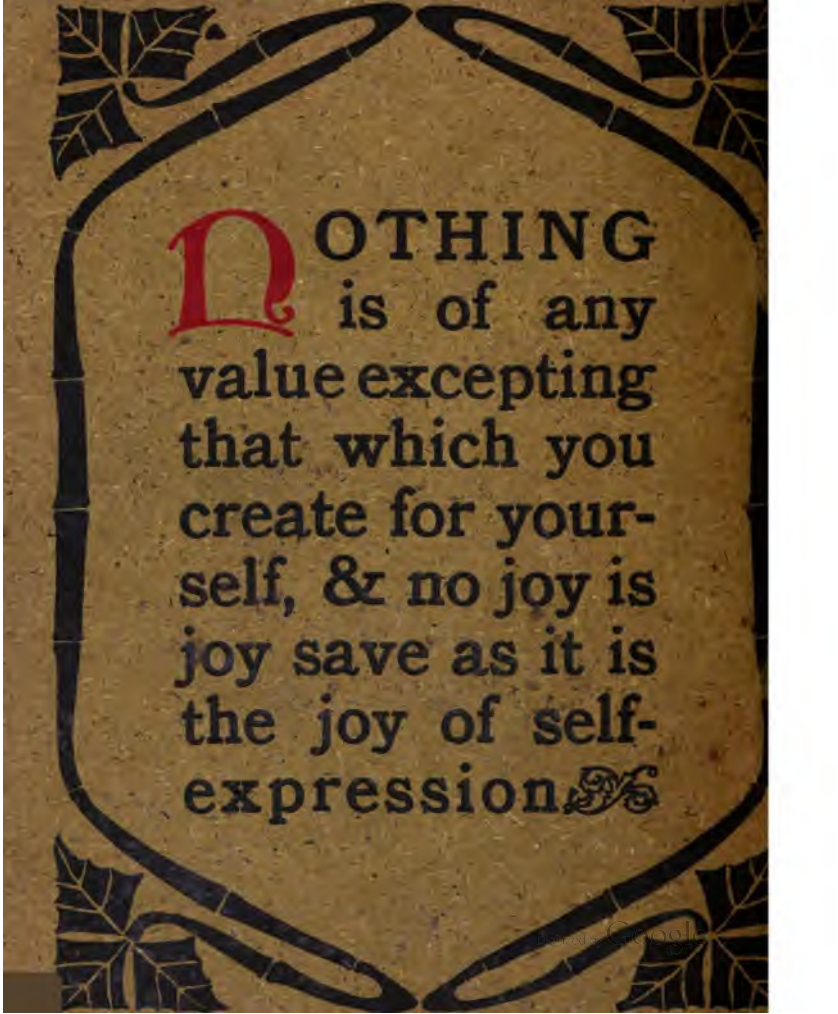
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In this number: A LITTLE JOURNEY to  
THE HOME of MARY BAKER EDDY

# The hilistine


A Periodical of Protest

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Your instincts are never wrong, but  
beware of psychic cramps

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# The Philistine

Vol. 23

JULY, 1906

No. 2

## A Little Journey to the Home of Mary Baker Eddy ❁ ❁ ❁

ECENTLY I spent two days at Concord, New Hampshire. I stopped at the Eagle Tavern where Franklin Pierce used to make his home. I slept on the bed that President Pierce used, being charged fifty cents extra for the felicity. How many of these beds the genial host has, I did not ascertain. ¶ We have had twenty-six presidents—we will have more. Every American born boy may be president, we are told, which of course is n't so. Mathematics forbid! Concord is the home of Governor Rollins, who inaugurated "Old Home Day," a Yankee inspiration, now borrowed by all the Eastern, Middle and Southern States.

Webster used to practice law here; his form in bronze is in the Public Square, and nearby is a fine statue of the husband of Mollie Stark, who was not a widow.

Senator Gallinger lives at Concord and he is a



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better man by far than Pierce ever was. Gallinger is a doctor, and the only physician in the United States Senate. Gallinger has been re-elected three times, succeeding himself without opposition. Gallinger enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few men in the Senate who are not rich. His income is his salary and nothing more.

Dr. Gallinger came back to Concord when I lectured there—not to hear the Good Stuff, I am sorry to say, but to attend a case of obstetrics. The mother was finicky, and as Dr. Gallinger had looked after her successfully on three similar occasions she insisted on the Senator this time. He came, bringing with him his senatorial courtesy, and charged no mileage. The bill passed without opposition.

The Doctor was in a happy mood when I saw him, his work being done. "Yes," he said, "We have had some pretty good men in Concord, but the place will be remembered for a woman."

Q "One of your patients?" I asked. Q "Oh, she might have been years ago—I know her well—I really believe I taught her a few things—by antithesis!" Q Doctor Gallinger had only words of praise for the woman who has landed so severely on the solar plexus of his profession. "A very great and noble personality!" he repeated.

**T**HERE is an adage to the effect that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. An adage is sometimes true and sometimes not. In the case of Mary Baker Eddy the adage just quoted goes awry.

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Mrs. Eddy has the good will of Concord, and very many of the leading men and women of the city are Christian Scientists. The Christian Science Church at Concord cost upwards of two hundred thousand dollars, and was the gift of Mrs. Eddy. Over the entrance, cut deep in granite are the words, "Presented by Mary Baker Eddy, Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science."

As to the argument that the truths of Christian Science have always been known and practiced by a few, Mrs. Eddy issues her direct challenge. In all of her literature she sets out the unqualified statement that she is "The Discoverer and the Founder." She is not apologetic—she assumes no modesty she does not feel—she speaks as one having authority as did Moses of old, "Thus saith the Lord!" ¶ She enters into no joint debates; she does not answer back.

This intense conviction which admits of no parley is one of the secrets of her power.

Up to ten years ago the Billingsgate Calendar was sent suddenly on all occasions in her direc-



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tion. Now Mrs. Eddy has won, and legislation and courts have whistled in their hounds. Your right to keep well in your own way is fully recognized. Doctors are not liable when they give innocent sweetened water and call it medicine, nor do we place Christian Scientists on trial if their patients die, any more than we do the M. D.'s. Mrs. Eddy has tinted the entire so-called sciences of both medicine and theology. Even those who deny her and noisily discard her are debtors to her.

Homeopathy modified the dose of all the Allopathists; and Christian Science has nearly eliminated the Hahnemanian theory of attenuations, it having been found that the blank tablet cures quite as effectively as the one that is medicated. ¶ Christian Science has made greater head in the thirty years of its existence than Christianity made in its first thousand years. The statement of Heine, that Christianity is a religion of sorrow was a point well made. Christianity was founded by lowly, unsuccessful, whipped-out, depressed people. Its cries of triumph are hysterical, its joys pathological, its shibboleth pain.

Christian Science does not shout, rant, defy or preach. It is poised, silent, sure, and the flagellants, like the dervishes, are noticeable by their absence. The Rev. Billy Sunday is not

a Christian Scientist. The Christian Scientist does not cut into the grape; specialize on the elevated spheroid; devote his energies to bridge whist; cultivate the scandal microbe; join the anvil chorus or shake the red rag of wordy warfare. He is diligent in business, fervent in spirit, accepts what comes without protest.

Indeed the extreme placidity of many a Christian Scientist is rather exasperating, and if the cult ever goes into a decline it will be because it splits upon the rocks of smugness and success. My opinion is that Christian Science will survive every foe but Prosperity.

**M**ARY BAKER EDDY has lived a very human life. Thru her manifold experiences she has gathered gear—she is a very great and wise woman. She is so great that she keeps her own counsel, receives no visitors, makes no calls, has no Thursday, writes no letters, and never even goes to the Church that she presented to her native town.

She has been in it but once and that was when no service was held and she sat alone and read my "Essay on Silence," thus carrying out the dictum of Bernard Shaw that you should not go to church when the preacher is there.

Her home, bearing the simple name of "Pleasant View," is a well built house two miles from

**THE PHILISTINE** the center of the town. The back of the house is to the road. The building is not costly nor pretentious. It did not cost as much as the low granite wall that runs along in front with the stone arch, with the word **EDDY** carved in the keystone that stands in front. I sat on the steps of the south piazza, and gazed on the great wide stretch of meadow, dotted with flowers; the winding river, the placid pond, the pretty summer house and the dark grove of pines just beyond. From her window Mrs. Eddy can see the site of the house where she was born. ¶ Mrs. Eddy, as I said, sees no visitors, and of course sensible people do not seek to press themselves upon her, & the others are not interested. But every day in the year at exactly one forty-five, no matter what the weather—rain, hail, snow or sunshine, the big barouche is brought around to the front of the house and Mrs. Eddy walks down the steps and enters the carriage. ¶ Delegations and parties of pilgrims no longer visit Pleasant View, but those who come alone or in pairs are quite welcome to wander in the garden, over meadow, or thru the woods of Mrs. Eddy's farm at sweet will. I stood with six others on the lawn when the driver stopped the carriage with the big brown horses at the south door of Pleasant View. On

the minute the door opened and Mrs. Eddy **THE PHI-**  
walked down the steps, unattended, and with **LISTINE**  
no hand on the railing. Mrs. Eddy's step is  
light, her form erect—a slender, handsome,  
queenly woman.

She is fifty, you would say. The fact is she was  
born in 1821, and altho she keeps no birthdays,  
she might have kept eighty-five of them. Her  
face shows experience, but not age. The corners  
of her mouth do not turn down. Her eyes are  
not dimmed nor her face wrinkled. She was  
dressed all in white satin and looked like a girl  
going to a ball. Her hat was a milliner's dream;  
her gloves came to the elbow and were becom-  
ingly wrinkled; her form is the form of Bern-  
hardt; the rich embroidered white cloak carried  
carelessly on her arm cost eight hundred dollars.

¶ Her secretary stood by the carriage door, his  
head bared. He did not offer his hand to the  
lady nor seek to assist her into the carriage. He  
knew his business—a sober, silent, muscular,  
bronzed, farmer-like man, who evidently saw  
everything and nothing. He closed the carriage  
door and took his seat by the side of the driver,  
who wore no livery. The men looked like brothers.

¶ The big brown horses started slowly away;  
they wore no blinders nor check-reins—they,  
too, have banished fear. The coachman drove

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with a loose rein—looking straight out ahead.

**T**HE next day I waited on Main Street to see Mrs. Eddy again. At exactly two-fifteen the big, brown, slow-going horses turned into Main Street. Drays pulled in to the curb, automobiles stopped, people stood on the street corners, and some—the pilgrims, uncovered. Mrs. Eddy sat back in the carriage, holding in her white-gloved hands a big spray of apple blossoms, the same half smile of satisfaction on her face—the smile of Pope Leo XIII.

The woman is a veritable queen, and some of her devotees, not without reason call her The Queen of the World. Some doubtless pray to her, which surely is quite as sensible as to pray to Jesus or His Mother. Mrs. Eddy knows more than either of them, or both ever knew. Why not—they lived two thousand years ago! She has met problems that never came to them; done things of which they never dreamed; surmounted obstacles which they never guessed. Mrs. Eddy has been married three times. First, to Gilbert Glover, an excellent and worthy man, the father of her one child, a son. On the death of Glover, the child was taken by Glover's mother and secreted so effectually that his mother did not see him until he was thirty-four years old, and the father of a family.

Her second husband was a man by the name of Mudd, who was not only a rogue but a fool—a flashy one, who turned the head of a lone, lorn young widow, who certainly was not infallible in judgment. In two years the wife got a divorce from Mudd on the grounds of cruelty and desertion, at Salem, Massachusetts.

Her third marital venture was Dr. Eddy, a practising physician—a man of much intelligence and worth. From him Mrs. Eddy learned the so-called Science of Medicine, which she soon saw was no science at all. ¶ Mrs. Eddy has stated that her husband was her first convert, and he gave up his practice to assist his wife in putting before the world the unreality of disease. That he did not fully grasp the idea is shown in this that he died of pneumonia.

This however did not shake the faith of Mrs. Eddy in the doctrine that sickness was an error of mortal mind. For a good many years Mrs. Eddy drove the memory of her two good husbands tandem, hitched by a hyphen, thus: Mary Baker Glover-Eddy. Many a woman has joined her own name to that of her husband, but what woman ever before so honored the two men she had loved by coupling their names! Getting married is a bad habit, Mrs. Eddy would probably say, but you have to get married to find it out.

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**I**N 1879, Mrs. Eddy organized the first Church of Christ, Scientist, and became its pastor. In 1881, being then sixty years of age, she founded "The Metaphysical College" in Boston. For ten years she had been speaking in public, affirming that health was our normal condition and that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. ¶ From her fiftieth to her sixtieth year she was glad to speak for what was offered, altho I believe even then she had discarded the good old priestly habit of taking up a collection.

The Metaphysical College was started to prepare students for teaching Mrs. Eddy's doctrines. The business ability of the woman was shown in thus organizing and allowing no one to teach who was not duly prepared. These students were obliged to pay a good stiff tuition, which fact made them appreciate what they got. In turn they went out and taught, and all students paid, and do yet, I believe, the tidy sum of one hundred dollars for the lessons. Salvation may be free, but Christian Science costs money. The genus piker is eliminated, and thus Christian Science is a religion of quality. Mrs. Eddy has always held that it was better to give her the hundred dollars than to give it to a doctor. Possibly she is right—I dare not say! The fee is double what it costs to join the Elks.

Unkind critics have said that Christian Science is a scheme for selling a book. If so, it is a good one. **THE PHILISTINE**

Mrs. Eddy makes no pretence of living the life of Jesus. He represented one side of truth and she another. She says come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you a book bound in cloth for three dollars; calf, five dollars, and levant six dollars. Mrs. Eddy never says, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," for how could she take the youngsters on her knee with that satin robe and the brodered surplice!

Mrs. Eddy owns and holds the most beautiful monopoly the world has ever seen. She manages the best methodized institution in the world, save only the Roman Catholic Church and the Standard Oil Company. How many million copies of Science and Health have been sold no man can say. What percentage of the money from lessons goes to Mrs. Eddy only an Armstrong Committee could ascertain, and it is really nobody's business, but hers. That Mrs. Eddy has some very skilful business managers and advisers goes without saying. But here is the point—she selected them, and she is supreme. And note the greatness of the woman in keeping herself free from all details, living



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here in the country in seeming sylvan calm, and yet with her fingers on the pulse of millions.

The shrewdness of Mrs. Eddy was shown in this—that she used Christianity to build upon, not asking her “students” to discard their old faith, but merely to extend it. Thus does she disarm the wary. Her votaries are those who have come out of the old orthodox churches.

That the student who pays a hundred dollars gets his money’s worth, I have no doubt. Not that he understands the lessons, or that any one does or can, but he gets a feeling of courage and a oneness with the whole which causes health to flow thru his veins and his heart to throb with joy. The lesson may be to him a jumble of words, a mystical gibberish, but he expects soon to grow to a point where the lines are luminous. In the meantime all he knows is that whereas he was once lame he can now walk.

¶ Even the most bigoted and prejudiced now agree that the cures of Christian Science are genuine.

If a man has rheumatism or thinks he has it, and you can convince him that he has n’t got it, you have benefited him, and the question of whether he had it or only thought he had it, is not material or relevant. People who think they have trouble have it, and it is the same with

pain. Imagination is the only sure-enough thing in the world.

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Mrs. Eddy's doctrines abolish pain and therefore abolish poverty, for poverty in America is a disease of the will.

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**E**VERY great institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man, says Emerson. Christian Science is but the lengthened shadow of a very great woman. Her spirit predominates and runs thru every "Reader" and "Student." Mrs. Eddy's chief characteristics are:

First: Love of Beauty as manifest in bodily form, in dress and surroundings.

Second: A zeal for system, order and concentrated effort on the particular business she undertakes.

Third: A dignity, courage, self-sufficiency and self-respect that comes from a belief in her own divinity.

Fourth: An economy of time, money, materials, energy and emotion that wastes nothing, but which continually conserves and accumulates.

Fifth: A liberality, when advisable, which is only possible to those who also economize.

Sixth: Yankee shrewdness in looking out for number one. Great commonsense, all flavored

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with a dash of mysticism and indifference to physical scientific accuracy. In other words, Christian Science is a woman's science—she knows! And it is good because it is good—this is a science sound enough for anybody, only it is not the science of Darwin, Spencer or Hæckel. Christian Science is scientific, but not for the reasons that its promoters maintain.

Male Christian Scientists do not growl and kick the cat. Women Christian Scientists do not nag. Christian Scientists do not have either the grouch or meddler's itch. Among them there are no dolorosos, grumperinos, beggars, gamblers or drunkards. They respect all other denominations, having a serene faith that all will yet see the light—that is to say, adopt the doctrines of Mary Baker Eddy.

The most radical among old school doctors could not deny that Mrs. Eddy's own life is conducted on absolutely scientific lines. She never answers the telephone, nor fusses and fumes. She hires big, safe people and pays them a big wage. She pays her coachman fifty dollars a week, and her cook in proportion, and thus gets people who give her peace.

She goes to bed with the birds and awakens with the dawn. In summer, at five o'clock in the morning she works in her garden or walks alone

across the fields, the very fields over which she strolled and played in childhood.

Often she walks a mile to a certain big rock where she sits to watch the sunrise. But very recently, on finding a party of pilgrims there ahead of her, who had timed her habits she changed the program and now she follows the winding river or goes another way as inclination prompts.

At seven o'clock she is at her desk, dictating answers to the very few letters her secretary thinks she should see. ¶ She has breakfast at nine o'clock—eats anything she likes, taking her time and Fletcherizing. After breakfast she works at her manuscripts until it is time for the daily ride.

At four o'clock she dines—two meals a day being the invariable rule.

Occasionally she goes out and talks to the men in the fields, & visits with the Ali Baba who has charge of the barn. She knows her horses and cows and sheep by name, and gives requests as to their care, holding that the laws of mind obtain as to dumb animals the same as man. Dogs she does not care for, and if she had an aversion it would be cats.

Her servants she calls "my helpers," and while the outside public and all interviewers are ex-

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cluded, her helpers go to her at will and tell their troubles if they have any or are afflicted with trouble belief.

**C**HRISTIAN SCIENTISTS very naturally believe in the equality of the sexes. When girl babies are born to them they bless God, just the same as when boy babies are born. In truth they bless God for everything, for to them all is beautiful and all is good. ¶ There are more women "readers" than men. Women speak from their pulpits with words of authority.

Paid preachers they do not have; they do not believe in priests or certain men who are nearer to God than others. All have access to Eternal Truth, and thus is the ecclesiastic excluded.

¶ To eliminate the theological middleman is well, and as for the church itself, surely Mrs. Eddy has eliminated it also, for she never enters a church, or at least not once a year, and then it is in deference to folks, not God.

She worships by the river bank; in the still, pine woods where the winds play continual melody; on the mountain side when first faint streaks of light come into the east and the darkness flees away. She prays at her desk, as she rides slowly in regal state thru the public streets, at the barn with her cows, or in the hayfield talking to sweating laborers.

**A Church! Is it necessary? For herself Mrs. Eddy says, No. But as for others, she says, Yes, a church is good for those who need it.** **THE PHILISTINE**

Mrs. Eddy is the most successful author in the world, or that the world has ever seen. No author ever made as much money as she, none is more devoutly read. Shakespeare with his fortune of a quarter of a million dollars fades into comparative failure, and Arthur Brisbane with his salary of seventy-five thousand a year is an office-boy compared with this regal woman who gives a hundred thousand dollars a year to the people of Vermont for good roads.

Mrs. Eddy reads no newspapers, nor are any ever carried into her house. She is a Life Member of the American Academy of Immortals, and her secretary told me that she reads the Choice Stuff with pleasure, because it makes her laugh. I hope the secretary meant to be complimentary, altho I did not care to follow the subject further. On the occasion of my lecture at Concord, Mrs. Eddy sent ten dollars down to the local Major Pond for tickets. The Major was jubilant; he called me up by telephone in nervous haste to tell me the glad tidings of great joy. Mary Baker Eddy was coming to hear me speak—it was the first time that she had attended a lecture for twenty-two years—hurrah! or words

## THE PHILISTINE

to that effect. ¶ But Mrs. Eddy was not there; she gave the tickets to her helpers. She did not even send her regrets, because she never regrets anything.

**T**HE very boldness of Mrs. Eddy's claims creates an impetus that carries conviction. The woman believes in herself, and she also believes in the Power, of which she is a necessary part, that works for righteousness. She repudiates the supernatural, not by denying "miracles" but by holding that the so-called miracles of the Bible that really occurred were perfectly natural—all according to Natural Law which is the Divine Law. And the explanation of this Divine Law is her particular business. Thus does she win to her side those too timid in constitution to forsake forms and ceremonies and stand alone on the broad ground of Rationalism. ¶ Unitarianism & Universalism straddle the fence; Mrs. Eddy removes the fence and invites us to enter a wide grassy lawn, beautiful, peaceful, harmonious, dotted with flowers, a white summer house near, a rippling stream dancing over its rocky bed just beyond, and all around the great green hills covered with sombre pines. ¶ Christian Science is not a religion of fight, stress and struggle, hence the placidity and smile of content. Is n't it better to relax and

rest and allow divinity to flow thru us, than to sit on a sharp rail and call the passer-by names in falsetto? **THE PHILISTINE**

May Irwin's motto, "Don't Argufy," is n't so bad as a working maxim, after all.

---

**A**LL Christian denominations are very much alike. Their differences are microscopic, and recognized only by those who are immersed in them ❧ ❧

Martin Luther only softened the expression of the Roman Catholic Church, he did not change its essence ❧ Benjamin Franklin declared he could not tell the difference between a Catholic and an Episcopalian. But Christian Science is a complete departure from all other denominations, and while professing to be Christian is really something else, or if it is Christian, then orthodoxy is not.

Christian Science strikes right at the root of orthodoxy, since it divides the power of Jesus with Mary Baker Eddy and affirms that Jesus was not **THE** Savior, but **A** savior. This is the position of Thomas Paine, and all other good radicals. Christian Science places Mrs. Eddy's work right along side of the Bible.

Mrs. Eddy boldly calls her book "**A Key to the Scriptures**," and then tells us that without this



## **THE PHILISTINE**

key the scriptures are locked and closed. No denomination has ever put out a volume stating that the book was required in order to make the Bible intelligible. No denomination has ever put forth a person as the equal of Jesus. This has only been done by unbelievers, atheists and free-thinkers. Christianity is at last attacked in its own house and by its own household.

It is thoroughly understood and admitted everywhere that there are two kinds of Christianity. One is the kind taught by the Nazarene, and the other kind, the institutional denominations which hold millions upon millions of dollars' worth of property without taxation, and parades its ritual with rich and costly millinery. The one was lived by a Man who had not where to lay His head, and the other was an acquirement taken over from pagan Rome, and continued largely in its pagan form even unto this day.

¶ Christian Science is neither one nor the other, and the obvious pleasantry that it is neither Christian nor scientific, in a jest in earnest. Christian Science is a modern adaptation of all that is best in the simplicity and asceticism of Jesus; the commonsense philosophy of Benjamin Franklin; the mysticism of Swedenborg, and the bold pronouncement of Robert Ingersoll. It is a religion of affirmation with a denial-

of-matter attachment. It is a religion of this world ۞

## THE PHILISTINE

Jesus was a Man of Sorrows, but Mary Baker Eddy is a Daughter of Joy. And as the universal good sense of mankind holds that the best preparation for a life to come, if there is one, is to make the best of this, Christian Science is meeting with a fast-growing popular acceptance. ¶ The decline of the old orthodoxy is owing to its clinging to the fallacy that the world's work is base, and nature a trickster luring us to our doom.

Mrs. Eddy reconciles the old idea with the new and makes it mentally palatable. And this is the reason that Christian Science is going to sweep the earth and in twenty years will have but one competitor, the Roman Catholic faith.

¶ Orthodoxy, blind, blundering, stubborn, senile, has got to go—the undertaker is at the door.

¶ Indeed, the old idea of our orthodox friends that they were preparing to die, was literally true. The undertaker's name and business address attached to the front of many a city church is a sign too subtle to overlook. Not only was the undertaker a partner of the priest, but he is now foreclosing his claim on the whole affair.

Both Orthodoxy and Christian Science are relig-

**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**

ions of authority, and therefore will have to die. Mankind must be free. The person who belongs, why, he "belongs!" and as long as you belong you are fettered, riveted wrist to bar, bound to the institution.

Christian Science is not final. After it has lived its day, another religion will follow, and that is the Religion of Commonsense, the esoteric religion which Mrs. Eddy herself lives and practices. As for her believers, she gives them the religion of a Book—two Books, the Bible and Science and Health. They want form and ritual and temples. She gives them these things just as doctors give sweetened water to people who still demand medicine, and as if to supply the zealous converts, just out of orthodoxy, their fill of ecclesiastic husks, she builds in Boston the finest church edifice in America—a church rivaling the far famed San Salute of Venice. Let them have their wish! Paganism is in their blood—they are even trying to worship her! Let them go on and eventually they will evolve to a point where they can live the life of the soul, and worship not in temples nor on this mountain, but in spirit and in truth, just as does Mary Baker Eddy, the most successful and the greatest woman in the world to-day.

**ELBERT HUBBARD**

## 'Frisco the Fallen.

THE PHI-  
LISTINE



**F**RISCO it was called in that affection which prompts expression in diminutives. **Q** Shaken to shards in the dawn, gulped in part by a mad sea, swept by flame. Ruin covering agony, crowned by hunger, thirst, fever, pest. Death over all. **Q** Beautiful, soft 'Frisco, luscious as a great pear or a cluster of grapes. City of romance, splendor, strife, where the strange odors of the East come in to sweeten the winds of the West. 'Frisco, sleeky fair, and like the Pacific, as treacherous as fair.

Town of wild, strange, tumultuous memories to one who saw its streets or sensed its paradisaical bay or felt the subtle, passionate stirring of its more than Italian, curiously blent "quattrocento" and ultra modern atmosphere.

There gathered the seekers of the Golden Fleece to scatter their shearings, to gamble, carouse, steal, murder and build a mighty town. The village a hell, and then—the Vigilantes. Judge Lynch was its first law-giver—more rigorous than Draco.

Croesus came in and builded banks, his palaces rising in uncouth ostentation, setting up insane speculation, developing rivalries that flowered into duels and into remorseless combines to drive one man, thinking himself broken, into the sea. Names were heralded from there that meant gold in mountains. Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, Fair, Sharon—and a score more. They leagued with or fought one another. They plundered one another and the public. They died.

## THE PHILISTINE

Q Business, politics, the law, all life was picturesque and blood color. Then out of the aureate din and dust came the constructives—Stanford, Crocker, Huntington, Sutro, taking mighty chances on building railroads across the continent, dazzling the world with their daring, buccaneering the plains, piercing the mountains and grabbing subsidies that made imperial domains look like kitchen gardens. Out of 'Frisco came the gambler Keene to teach lessons to Gould and Fisk and Daniel Drew, to break and be broken, to win and fail, and win and finally hold his own and much more against the most frenzied of frenzied financiers of a third of a century later.

The daughters of rough-and-tumble barkeepers and wrangling washerwomen married the sons of princes whose lines ran back to the time of Michael Angelo and beyond. The woman of the camp queened it in London, and offered to buy the Arc de Triomphe in Paris because it obstructed her view of a parade. The grub-stake prospectors built palaces filled with the spoil of Italy on Fifth Avenue. Their daughters set the pace for the Four Hundred. The contests over their wills by wives they forgot to mention clogged the courts. Supreme justices of the nation were assaulted by the champions of these wives, and the United States marshal slew Sara Althea Hill Terry's attorney husband to save a justice who had decided against her.

There came from the sand lots the cry that "the Chinese must go." It stirred the country fiercely, was forgotten only to revive again thirty years and more later as a result of the

war with Spain. Out of golden 'Frisco came the raucous voice of Dennis Kearney, an agitator to live in history with Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, to inspire the thinking of statesmen who would not have wiped their feet on him. Dennis Kearney's mad, snarling, obscene mouthings are translated today into profound, statesmanlike argument against the Yellow Peril. ¶ Stormy men & sudden wealth and growing cosmopolitanism with all the colorful low life of a great port, the poetry of ships from strange seas, the babel of all earth's tongues, made the world forget the old mission times "before the Gringos came."

¶ Burst from 'Frisco the tender-tough singer of the "Heathen Chinees," the historian of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the wildly luxuriant genius of Bret Harte. He gave us the West fixed forever, as Scott and Burns gave us Scotland; Dumas, France; Cervantes, Spain.

With the romance that headquarters in 'Frisco, Mark Twain savored his message of fun to the world and developed his talent until he is today not perhaps, but undoubtedly, our chiefest man of letters, his gift immortalizing "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn," classicizing "The Jumping Frog," vindicating "Ariel" Shelley and interpreting for us the sanctity of Joan of Arc.

In 'Frisco Richard Realfe sang a few songs unforgettable, and, harassed by misfortune, slunk away to die to the music of "De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum," a poem ranking surely with "Thanatopsis."

And then a little man, poor, unknown, a printer, almost starving, meditating in this city of the Golden Gate on the problem of the House of

## THE PHILISTINE

Have and the House of Need. This printer wrote a book. It set the economists by the ears. It challenged the theologians. It shook Mammon in his temple, the Pope on the throne of Peter. It made men realize the sense of brotherhood. It created a religion of the here and now, with a remedy for want, a curb on human greed. The book was "Progress and Poverty." The man was Henry George—the greatest social scientist since Buckle, the profoundest economist since Adam Smith, the ultimate perfection of antithesis to Nicolo Machiavelli. ¶ In 'Frisco uprose the "Argonaut," the country's greatest weekly newspaper. ¶ Its editor was another Voltaire—Frank Pixley. His cry was "crush the infamy"—the Catholic Church—and so splendid and multifariously expressive was his hatred that even the Catholics read it for its style. For 'Frisco had the æsthetic atmosphere. It was another Florence. The urge to poetry was in its air. Today the author who came from 'Frisco is omnipresent. Markham of "The Man With the Hoe" is claimed by 'Frisco. Frank Norris of "The Pit" flourished in that town of horrors and magnificences. Gertrude Atherton first moralized there or thereabouts. ¶ Gelett Burgess here conceived "The Purple Cow," and then an odd little man named Doxey issued "The Lark," sui generis, an epoch-making publication that will live in history with Frazer's Magazine, with the Anti-Jacobin, with the Yellow Book. Ambrose Bierce, the most vitriolic of American writers, there wrote tales that for terror in artistic imagination challenged the supremacy of Poe. The "Overland Monthly" was

a 'Frisco enterprise that lives today. Joaquin Miller went red-shirted to London and told them in his "Songs of the Sierras" of what would come to be in the city that, "serene, indifferent to fate," as Harte said, "sitteth at the Western Gate."

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In 'Frisco the greatest modern romanticist, Robert Louis Stevenson, hungered and wrote one line immortal—"it was a clear, cold night of stars"—in "The Silverado Squatters." In 'Frisco they erected the first monument to the creator of Prince Florizel of Bohemia, John Silver, and the reincarnation of Francois Villon. ¶ Hundreds of our later stage's best actors come from 'Frisco, where the theatre rose early and flourished exotically. ✽ Lotta came from 'Frisco and became our first "ingenue." Its early stock companies vitalized our stage.

In 'Frisco Kipling's manuscripts were turned down by editors, and he avenged himself somewhat on the town, tho before he closed his depreciation he had to be little less than just to the place, if for no other reason than that had there been no Bret Harte and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "M'liss" and "Tennessee's Partner," there had been no "Soldiers Three," perhaps no "Kim" and eke no "Recessional." In 'Frisco William Kieth had his studio—Kieth, who has something of the mastery of dark color of Diaz—Kieth, undoubtedly one of the greatest of American artists. Artists, poets, novelists, scientists, teachers lent the population a tone of devil-may-care.

This town of less than half our population had more and better daily papers than St. Louis. It



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sent a boy to New York to challenge the supremacy of Pulitzer journalism, and to frighten Wall street with a red flag having just a touch of yellow, and to compel by sheer audacity attention to his intention to be president—Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

'Frisco was world-wide known next to New York and Chicago, and now it has won the world's interest by a calamity rivaling that which was Chicago's first claim on fame. A 'Frisco-built battleship, the Oregon, made a world-wondering run around the Horn to Santiago and into the fight that broke Spain's power on this hemisphere forever.

'Frisco was loved by its citizens as no city is loved in this land, save, possibly, New York. It was a city that cared for the beautiful, that took to ideas. It had the only Bohemian Club in the world in which Bohemianism was fumigated of its disreputability, and stood for the true as distinct from the perverted tawdriness of Murger's "Vie de Boheme." It supported at least four excellent weekly papers, the Argonaut, the News-Letter, Town Talk, James H. Barry's Star—periodicals individual, high-class, cosmopolitan. George Stirling wrote there the best book of verse of the last four years, "The Testimony of the Suns," and from 'Frisco Jack London, with his gospel of beauty in brutality, captured men's imaginations and awoke in their hearts echoes of "The Call of the Wild" and the snarlings of "The Sea Wolf." The literary center of 'Frisco boasted of the finest book store in the country west of New York, and the output of Paul Elder & Company, publishers, was

almost a new revelation in some aspects of the art preservative.

## THE PHI- LISTINE

Life was lived in 'Frisco. It was a little of Paris, of Rome, of Florence, of Pekin. It was a town of temperament in which lightsomeness blent with a native beauty sense. Winds of the sea came in and met with winds of the desert. The fog, mostly pearl-gray, but often sun-tinged to opaline, hung over the town and gave it rare values to the esuriently artistic eye. Naval officers brought there as wives the daughters of Ah Fong, Hawaii's Chinese millionaire. Sport flourished in all its forms, square & vertiginous. The climate made for love-making. The wines and fruits and flowers and the mysterious sea mists and the wonderful sunsets and the blend of odors of East and West made life a picture, a poem. The world turned to 'Frisco and California as it turned in earlier ages to Rome and Florence & Italy. There the singer, the sculptor, the painter, the novelist, sought the sky and air that freshened hearts and fecundated mind. It chained the sensitive of soul, and it invited the merely sensual lovers of luxury. Always and ever about one was the conjugating of the verb "enjoy"—not always conjugally.

It was opulent & of a mighty orieny of brightness, but with darkness to lighten the picture. Its slums were the most impenetrable "in all the lands of Christendie." Its crimes surpassed in quality of shudder the crimes of other places. Its citizens give to the city more gracefully than other citizens of other towns gave to them. An ignorant miner, Lick, gave the city a great miners' hotel, and to the state the world's finest

## **THE PHI- LISTINE**

observatory. It was gladdened with many fountains and parks. It was a city which the rich decorated and loved and inconceivably disgraced in the early orgies, but never wholly ruled. Its king was the head of a seaman's union, Andrew Furuseth, and union labor controlled its activities and elected a fiddler mayor twice in the face of all the interests and wealth of the community.

A strong sense of beauty somehow clung to the mental image of the town, even to one who, as I, had never seen the place. Its glamour always had a sort of hidden foreboding in it. There was ever the same suggestion of lethal malefic genius behind all the story that was told of its curiously "morbidezza" amorousness of the day, and its childlike desire to forget the night. It was too fair, as it sometimes seemed, and in the glory in which it lay, and in which it lingered in thought, there seemed something of a light that held pale tone of bale back of all its bliss. Its people loved it with that intensity with which we love what we are like to lose.

There was a great gap in the history of American life, letters and character and achievement with 'Frisco's story omitted.

There ran through and beneath the town many a little tremor that the town personified might have superstitiously interpreted as does the individual the slight shudder as he talks with a friend—some one walks or dances over my grave. But the gongs and mad fiddles kept going in Chinatown, and the orchestras in the multitudinous, gorgeous, "risque" restaurants never ceased a strain, and the woman walked with an

added lure in their motions and a deeper softness in their eyes, and as in the old fable, Love and Soul blent to make the climax of Pleasure, and the town was rapt in a voluptuous, semi-oriental autolatry, and—

Then the earthquake came. And flood. And fire. And death in his most fantastic disguise burst in on the dream that came thru the ivory gate of dawn. ¶ The passional city learned to pray. Suffering paid in a flash for each pulse of joy. ¶ But the men of the city met in their ruined forum and said: "The city shall rise again more beautiful than before." The hungry, the tatterdemalion crowd, shelterless, wan, haggard, smoke-grimed, joked the soldiers over their dole of bread and water. The women rallied each other on their bizarre, bisexual garniture. Life had been pleasure. Ruin was fun. Death—well to have died in the fall of 'Frisco was something like coming home from battle on the Spartan shield. ¶

Will 'Frisco stay fallen? No. A new 'Frisco shall uprear itself and laugh at the sea, and when old Atlas again shifts the globe a little on his shoulders it will laugh and dance and fight and drink and make love as before, and be proud that among its other claims to greatness is that of having met and conquered a calamity that stilled and chilled the whole world's heart for a day. ¶

Before the crash and flame 'Frisco was beginning to protest at being called anything but San Francisco. Yet 'Frisco clung; it held some winking, sly hint of frisky. Even the great black headlines over the evil news used the diminu-

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tive abbreviation—like a touch of light in the cloud, a sort of fresh, smiling rose on the pall, speaking of resurrection. The foundations of the city went wobbling at the end of the Easter feast almost. 'T was and 't is an omen.

'Frisco fallen shall flower again from disaster and desolation and death, and it shall realize the dreams not only of those who have vowed their dreams shall not be defeated, but the unfulfilled ambition of those lovers of the city who went down in the ruin to the realm where is not light, nor laughter nor song nor weeping nor dreaming more.

It will be a great city, for it is a great city even today, tho never rose again one stone of it upon another. It has given, it still gives us the joy of life, the throb of passionate story, the sense of love of beauty in all forms, the thrill of an unparalleled catastrophe, the inspiration of indomitable cheerfulness before the most implacable fate. There's something in it of the spacious older world, and yet something, too, that is unforgettably American in its people's recovery to a mood of readiness, as the poet said, "To match with Destiny for beers."

"Vale et Ave" 'Frisco the beautiful, the glad, the strong, the stricken, the invincible. Down with her went our hearts, up with her will go our souls. The country's hope and faith and love are more fixed than the shuddering earth, and all these are in the tear-brightened eyes of 'Frisco looking out from the wreck over the Pacific where lies the future big with mighty fates for her beyond all prophecy.

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY**

## Some Pamphlets For Sale

Little Journeys by Elbert Hubbard in  
Booklet form with Portrait of Each Subject

John Jay	Mozart	Luther
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**THE ROYCROFTERS**  
East Aurora, Erie County, New York



Get your happiness  
out of your work or  
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what happiness is



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# The Philistine

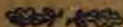
A Periodical of Protest

*Gift of  
Wm. H. Scherlock  
of Boston*

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Heaven is a habit—and so is hell.

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Printed Every Little While  
for the Society of the Phi-  
listines and Published by  
Them Monthly. Subscrip-  
tion, One Dollar yearly  
Single Copies, Ten Cents.

AUGUST, 1906

Vol.

v.



# Little Journeys

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

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**THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.**

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# The Philistine

Vol. 23.


SEPTEMBER, 1906

No. 4

Genius may have its limitations, but stupidity is not thus handicapped.



## Heart to Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of his Flock

ECHIN' on and appertainin' to my old college chump, Bill, self-constituted and specially self-appointed friend and protector of the Common People, Bill he prosecutes plutes with unerring business instinct.

Bill knows that if he could really bring about the reforms he advocates and make the world decent it would be his own undoing. To have won the mayoralty would have been a calamity for Bill—the martyrdom is worth ten times the money. The defeat saved him from the necessity of making good his promises.

If a genuine wave of reform ever does sweep this land of the partially free it will wash Bill off the slate, clean. In order to become decent the world will have to abolish Bill. When we

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LISTINE**

become civilized you will not be able to find a fragment of a Billy Syndicate with even a high-power, smokeless, double binocular.

Bill has one big editorial writer in his employ—a cowbird that lays its eggs in another's nest. By this process Bill has won in some quarters a full tuppence worth of fame, and gotten the reputation of having phosphorus plus.

The Billy papers appeal to the lowest, most ignorant, brutal and depraved instincts in humanity. They pander to our faults and weaknesses and bank on the fear, ignorance, depravity and cupidity of the Common People.


¶ The Common People will remain common as long as they read California William, His Newspapers ¶ ¶

The chief factor in the commonness of the Common People is the fact that over two million copies of Bill's Sulphuretted Hydrogen are printed every week day, and five million copies on Sunday.

On Sunday Billy outdoes Billy Sunday in rot and riot ¶ He even surpasses himself in froth, folly, filth, fake and fraud.

Bill remembers the week day to keep it holy—compared with what he does on Sunday.

Just examine any paper of the Billy Syndicate and you 'll find one-half of the space devoted to

patent medicine abominations. I say this to his credit, for his text for the most part is worse than his advertisements. Every disease of man or woman, supposed or actual, is described in words, and often pictured with what they call "the graphic art" in a way that convinces thousands of well people that they have it. If I should even print the titles and headings or catch words of these advertisements in which Willy wallows, I should probably be indicted for publishing obscene literature on complaint of Willy Himself, the protector of the Common People 

Here is a typical headline to a Billy advertisement: "It fattens the skinny, and makes slender the fat." You are supposed to be bettered in all events; they catch you coming and going.

In a recent issue Bill shows a man in the act of blowing out his brains because he failed to take Dr. Guzzle's Kidney Kure.

Recently Willy had a good editorial on the folly of betting on horse races. The editorial occupied nearly a column; and there were two columns of "tips" just over the page.

John Morley speaks of the daily newspaper as "that vehicle of misinformation and heedless thought," and what more heedless to truth, and more grasping after Iscariot pieces of silver,

**THE PHILISTINE** more given over to exploiting putridity than the Billy Combination!

Nobody whom Willy Billy has ever dragged to the bar of alleged justice, has ever been half as vile as Billy reveals himself in the stuff he prints for the Common People.

Get-Strong-Quick and Get-Rich-Quick announcements shriek for our attention on every page ❄ ❄

And the Common People pay for it all. In last Sunday's Unamerican I counted one hundred and ninety-eight columns of advertisements of billy bellywash, which if swallowed and run thru your Erie canal are warranted to give you renewed vim, vigor and vitality ❄ Whiskey, poison, strange drugs, villainous dopes for man and beast, queer mechanical abominations and Get-Rich-Quick schemes jostle each other on every page, bidding for your little surplus.

Who pays for these atrocious advertisements of atrocious things?

Why, the Common People ❄ Bill is educating them to buy poverty, paresis, and sudden Sherlock Holmes. Defeat and death follow fast upon the footsteps of the man who has faith in the things that your Willy Boy advertises.

Who pays for the advertisements, I asked?

Why, the consumer, of course.

**The Common People.** ¶ Bill collects from the **THE PHI-**  
**Common People** the money to pay the freight. **LISTINE**  
¶ Yassam, indeed he does !

So without the Common People, Bill would never be able to make the bluff of fighting the battles of the Common People.

Does Bill ever swallow any of the stuff he advertises ? ❧ ❧

On your life he does not. Otherwise he would not have the vim, vigor and vitality to collect from the Common People the money to pay expenses ❧ ❧

Does he himself invest in the Get-Rich-Quick schemes that he places before us so alluringly ?

¶ On your life he does not. He has a Get-Rich-Quick scheme worth two of any he advertises. It is to sell space to Get-Rich-Quick men who collect from your Common People the money to pay your Billy Boy.

And yet one cannot help but admire the vim, vigor and vitality of Billy.

Rich men's sons are usually valuable chiefly as distributors of congested wealth ; often college men are the same ; but here is a college man, the son of a rich man, who takes his father's honest dollars—more or less—and doubles them by methods so tainted with microbes that a Billy sheet can only be handled safely with tongs.

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Q Bill is a humorist—he calls his newspaper ventures “A Campaign of Education and a Move for the Betterment of the Common People,” when Bill he must know that there is no hope for the Common People until they cease to read Bill His Newspapers, or Bill he reforms his ways and mends his business methods. ❧

All of which is respectfully submitted to the Uncommon Few, without prejudice to literature as taught at Harvard, even if the vilest, nastiest, most atrocious and successful and abominable newspaper ventures that the world has ever seen, are conducted by a man who lived for four years in Holworthy, and whom Harvard has honored by an M. A.—he already having a B. A. of his own—ba!

Wonderful is Willy Billy and marvelous are the taste, insight, and intelligence of the Common People that make the Billy Willy possible, willy nilly!

And yet there are people who have ventured to put forth the name of Bill as a candidate for Governor of New York—acting, of course, upon the suggestion of Bill.

Can we ever thus forget ourselves, becoming locoed by Bill's poisonous papers, and go dancing in scant ypsilantis before the world,



one foot upon the earth and the other pointing toward the stars, crying, "Hurrah for Willie!"

**Q** Bill cannot speak ; he cannot write ; he has no personality—no policy—only a thirst to clutch and a lust to own. His future will be as fugitive as snowballs in Biloxi.

Hon. Patricius Sheedy would serve us a thousand times better than Bill as Governor of New York, and Liberty Enlightening the World. And as for Lieutenant Governor, give us Col. Battersea Masterson, but spare us Willie of the Sand Lots.

**THE PHILISTINE**

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 **NE**, B. Franklin, said that every newspaper editor should divide his paper into four departments, thus : Truth, Probable Truth, Possible Truth, Lies.  The first department would require very little space, and the last should be simply blank paper.

Some time ago newspaper screeches rent the air concerning the humiliation of an elderly person by the name of Mann.

Everybody took a kick at Mann, and many virtuous editors ordered their packs to bay in double shifts so long as Col. Mann was on the stand. Poor, doddering old Col. Mann rumbling contradictions thro his whiskers! The very worst his enemies can say of him is that he



## **THE PHI- LISTINE**

flim-flammed a faro bank & skinned a thimble-rigger ❦ ❦

One thing that was revealed at the trial which especially pleased Editor Lobo was that "Town Topics" had in its editorial room an "Immune List." And all the Daily Tomcats, with whiskers full of feathers, rolled their eyes, and moaned in black-face, "My God! this is terrible!"

There is n't a daily newspaper from New York to San Francisco that has n't an "Immune List." I have worked on many dailies, and always there are strong and influential men whose names are never mentioned; and then there are others whose names are never mentioned excepting in a complimentary way, still others are referred to only in scorn, just as the "Sun" mentioned the name of Cleveland in bitterness in every issue for two years, and as Horace Greeley berated and belittled Lincoln three hundred times a year.

Now there is one famous name that Bill His Newspapers for months did not mention—this is William Jennings Bryan.

Bill sent out the order that Bryan was "dead"—and dead he was, so far as Bill's papers are concerned ❦ ❦

The reason Bill sent out his General Order No. 10 about Bryan was because Bryan was

very much alive. Bill boasts, boosts, reviles, or smothers with silence, all as dictated by his self-interest. **THE PHILISTINE**

As for Col. Mann's silly paper it was published for chuckleheads, and what Mann's boys said, or did n't say, had no influence outside of the defective ward. Those from whom Mann borrowed were able to make the loan, and all fully understood the situation. Wage-earners, washer-women, laborers, school-teachers and farmers went "untouched"

"Fads and Fancies" was published for foolish and frivolous people, who wade in public fountains for wagers and who have much monies which they never earned. So let this undisputed fact stand: Col. Mann did not prey upon the public.

Mann invented the "Mann Boudoir Car," the father of the "Pullman," whose porters we pay, and all the men who loaned money to Mann profited by the good work which he did when he was on earth the first time.

A very Zealous Person by the name of Jerome got hot on the trail of old man Mann, but not until the old man had become weak in the knees, half blind, and husky of breath.

A failing, dying, tired and done-for man affords great opportunities for head-lines and grand-

**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**

stand plays; you can pass him the wollop left and right and he can't get back. A man in trouble, and a woman in distress are never on the newspaper "Immune List." Not exactly; they are very desirable raw-stock for your editor of the Daily Dope.

---

**A**LL newspaper publishers, themselves, are on the "Immune List" of all other papers. These editors and publishers may hate each other, but when scandal gets to work in an editor's household he sends an impersonal note around to the papers thus: "The Daily Swash sends its compliments and requests that in reference to Mr. & Mrs. Blank and their alleged troubles you will remain silent and oblige, The Evening Bullfrog." I have had dozens of such polite notes pass thru my hands, and to respect them is the invariable rule. No newspaper man knows how soon he himself may have to make a similar request.

Last year when Prof. Triggs sued the New York "Sun", and the trial was on for a week, did any New York paper mention it? Never a word from one of them. Newspapers never report suits against themselves.

A few weeks ago a man more or less noted was called before the Bar of Justice in New York

on a charge of contempt of court. Several of the papers featured the matter and Bill he announced the matter thus, "The Jail Yawns for Him!" ❦ ❦

When two days later, the court dismissed the complaint, Bill said not a word. That a prominent man's liberty should be jeopardized, and that possibly he might be publicly humiliated was "news", but that he should be relieved of the charge was nothing to nobody.

It is the invariable rule of every newspaper office never to oppose a person or policy, unless there be a large party that is also opposed to such person or policy. The truth or falsity of a proposition is never considered, but "will it please readers?" and "do we lay ourselves open legally?" is the touchstone.

Judge Grosscup in an opinion has recently said:

The publication of a newspaper is a business venture, operated for private gain. And in the management of a newspaper its promoters have no more right to inflict pain and injury on the specious plea that they are "giving the news" or "informing the public" than has a railroad company, a bank, or a department store. That a newspaper is a mold of public opinion may be true or may not—the phrase has no legal significance and no editor can rightfully claim immunity on account of his profession or business. Nobody is compelled to print a newspaper,

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and if a man undertakes to publish the news the legal inference is that he does it for his own pleasure and to make money, and he is liable for his acts.



The only things worth saying are those all men know, but which they have forgotten.



SEE that Dr. Tilden of Denver, my playmate in the Kindergarten of God, has been making a hurry-up diagnosis of the American Legion of Honor. He sums up his opinions thus: "Those who are worthy of the Order of Merit do not want it, as those who crave it do not deserve it."

This is trite, and it is also true, or not, as the case may be. But it proves one thing which I have always suspected, and that is that strong men occasionally write twaddle. I myself have written twaddle.

Let us reason together: Does it not all depend upon who confers the Order, and who the man is, that is honored? The honor conferred upon a man who is doing a great and beneficent work by awarding him an Order of Merit is an honor as much to the people who confer it as upon the man who receives it. So it is done for the people

who confer it, quite as much as for the man for whom it is done. It is a form of gratitude that acts and reacts. It is a symbol of our approval, of our love and of our faith. And in giving the Order of Merit we speak for a vast number of other people just as every man who writes truth expresses for all those who think as he does.

¶ All good work is done for other people. Take Dr. Tilden's own work—he must have people who believe in him. A doctor without patients is no doctor at all. He is simply a man who pays office rent. And the amount of good a wise physician can do is in exact ratio to the number of people who believe in him and who are influenced by him. Dr. Tilden's particular work is to show people how to keep well, much more than how to get well after being sick. If a doctor is not known, if he advises nobody, he might as well be locked up in a fire-proof safe. Doctors are simply men, and men grow mentally and spiritually by exercise. The more they give out—the wider their expression—the more they mentally expand. Even Moses of old required some one to hold up his hands.

If Doctor Tilden printed but one copy of the "Stuffed Club," and this one for himself, he would write deadly commonplace stuff all the time, instead of at rare intervals. As it is he

**THE PHILISTINE** usually writes brilliantly, because he realizes that he is writing for critical and discerning people, and he must, in degree at least, fulfill their expectations.

This proposition that the so-called great man does not care what people think of him is an idea that cannot stand the calcium. It is a fact the great man does not care what certain people think of him, but it is a vital matter that certain others shall believe in him. Jesus could not do mighty work in Galilee on account of the unbelief of the people. Oratory is a collaboration between the audience and the speaker; music is an understanding between the performer and listener. Good work is always a collaboration ❧❧

It is also true that the approval of certain people would be to a great man an insult. But should all the world turn against him he would mentally ossify and spiritually atrophy.

The only thing that keeps a man's spirit fluid and his blood in motion is the fact that some one believes in him. The triumphant note—the note of cheerful confidence is found in all the writings of men of genius. Aye! the one thing that distinguishes them from the ordinary is the animation that denotes that they are talking to people who appreciate and understand.

Genius is a great joyousness. And the man misunderstood by anybody is in hell.

William Marion Reedy says that no man will long make love to a woman who does not respond. Col. Reedy doubtless knows what he is talking about. And it certainly is true that oratory and music demand a listener; that a writer demands a reader; and that pictures are not painted for the myopic.

An Order of Merit is an expression of the upholding faith of the people who confer it.

To say that the great man does not need the faith and confidence of the others is to misunderstand psychology, and agitate the atmosphere. ¶ The American Legion of Honor is an attempt to publicly recognize people on earth, who are doing a positive and excellent work for human betterment.

Read history and you will see that the policy of the world has been to honor two classes: the men who killed the most, and those who prepared people for another world by fleeing from this. ¶ ¶

So we have the Calendar of Saints, to which the name of our old friend Christopher Columbus was recently denied admittance; and we have the military Orders of Merit, the best known of which is the French Legion of Honor.



**THE PHI-** To honor the man of initiative—the man of  
**LISTINE** originality, the man filled with a noble doubt  
and a divine discontent, is a brand new thing.  
Some of the men we seek now to honor are the  
kind of men whom society in the past has  
ostracized, silenced or killed. And some of the  
names we have honored ourselves by honoring  
are names of people who are doing a great work  
for human betterment and doing it so quietly  
that the average person, busy with his own  
affairs, never hears of them.

To say that Socrates, Aristotle, Columbus,  
Copernicus, Savonarola, Galileo or Frederick  
Froebel did not care for the approval of man-  
kind is to read history awry, and misinterpret  
human nature.

These men just named all worked to benefit  
humanity, and that their last days were filled  
with bitterness and a sense of defeat is an in-  
dictment of the time in which they lived, and of  
the mental processes of the gentlemen who  
say, "Oh, really now, great men do not care  
what people think of them!"

---

**T**HE work of Frederick Froebel was put back  
to a degree that no man can compute, thru  
the coldness, indifference and actual opposition  
of men who should have stood by him and

upheld him. ¶ The kindergarten is a complete reversal of barbaric educational schemes that did not spare the rod. We started in with the assumption that the child was born in sin, and "in iniquity did my mother conceive me," a slander on the children and a libel on motherhood ¶¶

But so grounded were we in error that in our teaching of children, the elements of fear, suppression and punishment were ever present. We used the lessons as a club and if a child did wrong we doubled his lessons. The plan of fining the delinquent forty lines of Virgil made him love Virgil, did it not? If there were a better way of making books distasteful than to use them as punishment I do not know it.

The ecclesiastic English Boarding School barbarity yet has its defenders. At the tender age of six or seven we removed the child from his parents in the name of discipline. We sought to smother parental love and strangle affection, and we nearly succeeded.

"I know what hell is," said Walter Blackburn Harte, "for I was brought up in an English boarding-school."

Froebel struck right at the root of error when he referred to the children as the "little souls fresh from God." Froebel believed in the divin-

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LISTINE**

ity of the child. Most Christians up to his time acted as if they believed that when Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," he had a rattan hidden behind him. ¶ The practice of falling upon children with rods, straps, paddles, rulers & hair brushes has been very popular, not so much possibly to benefit the child as to relieve the pressure of pent-up emotion in the parent.

Froebel's idea was that the child was a human flower and the school should be a garden where souls could blossom in the sunshine of love.

¶ Froebel studied the inclinations of the child and sought to move in line with nature. He utilized the tendency to play; just as we in degree use the tides of the sea and the winds that blow to turn the wheels of trade.

To use these welling tides of our nature, Froebel said "will lead us on to the Good, or if you prefer to God."

So in his teaching the playing of games had an important part. Play, song, and happy, useful effort—all working together for a common purpose! Socrates, four hundred and fifty years before Christ, taught that courtesy, kindness and self-possession were of more importance than facts gotten from books—that is to say, it

is quality that makes a man great and not knowledge. **THE PHILISTINE**

Aristotle followed up the same idea and in his education of Alexander, the child impulse to collect specimens was utilized, and so Aristotle and his pupils formed the world's first herbarium and the first zoological garden.

Froebel led his little band of pupils out into the woods and fields and they collected flowers, plants, birds, nests, fungi, and became acquainted with the beautiful world of nature just as a matter of curiosity, pleasure and play.

¶ To arbitrarily punish or embarrass a child Froebel considered a great sin, because to do so might be to implant in the child's mind seeds of hate and revenge that would poison its life.

Froebel saw this potent fact, that unless he could impress upon the parents the righteousness of his methods, he could make little head. He said, "The teacher is the foster parent of the child for a few hours each day, and unless the home and school work together and are in harmony, my work is vain."

So he invited the parents to his school and also had mothers' meetings where he sought to explain the reasonableness of his work.

It is told that once one of his pupils, a toddler

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only four years old, came to school with bare legs all raw and in welts where he had been whipped by his parents. The sight proved too much for the nerves of the teacher, and Froebel burst into tears and had to dismiss his school for the day.

The theological idea at the time was that the child should be disciplined, his spirit broken, and that the dunce cap of disgrace was a good thing. Froebel sought to make his work affirmative, not negative, but in spite of his gentle diplomatic ways he met with strong opposition and constant ridicule. The only pupils he could get were those too young to go to the regular schools and these were turned over to him, because he relieved the parents of their care.

¶ His intent and expectations were to carry his methods right up through all the grades, even into the university, and on through life. So actually, the Kindergarten Plan is a system of life, not merely a system of school teaching.

¶ Froebel knew his methods were right—he never faltered in his faith. But the constant unkind criticisms of rival teachers who clung to monastic methods, the stupidity of parents and the opposition of school boards wore him out, and he died in middle life. But with his last dying breath, in broken whisper he said to

his nurse, "The world will yet accept my words—the idea of the child-garden will live! I am dying, but my thought will not perish—God cannot afford to allow it to wither."

Can a person of intelligence now be found who dares say that Frederick Froebel was not a very great man—and does any one believe that Froebel did not care what people thought about him? ❦

Isn't this true, that the greater the man, the more he desires to bless and benefit humanity, the more he actually does care what people think of him?

---

**T**HE question has been asked, "Are there not many men and women in America, who are doing just as great a work for human betterment as some of those upon whom you have conferred the Order of Merit of the American Legion of Honor?"

And the answer is, Yes, most certainly there are. The names of these will be taken up and considered next year and the years thereafter. It must not be overlooked that the present membership is hereafter to constitute the Jury of Award, so the names honored hereafter will be passed upon by a jury of very great and excellent people. The personnel of the jury

## **THE PHILISTINE**

must certainly weigh in the scale when the value of the award is considered.

Some of the people in this year's list are known to the world for certain things, but the things for which we honor them may not be generally known. For instance, Nathan Straus is a very successful merchant. He is one of a trinity of brothers who have carried out notable achievements. He also has a reputation on the speedway second only to that of the late Pa Hamlin. But the thing that placed the name of Straus on the American Legion of Honor few people know anything about. Yet Nathan Straus has saved more human lives during the past decade than the entire coast guard of the United States has rescued during the same time.

By supplying pasteurized milk for the children of the poor in New York city and vicinity, Nathan Straus has reduced the infant death rate forty-six per cent wherever statistics have been kept. His fight has been for the helpless, and often he has been opposed by ignorance, pseudo-science and even the parents of the children, in his efforts to bring about a great scientific betterment. The success of his work in curtailing human misery is incomputable, and has cost him daily effort for over ten years' time, and the expenditure of hundreds of thou-

sands of dollars. It is a work that could only be brought about thru great patience, great persistency and great love. The people directly benefited know nothing about it, and so gratitude for their benefactor is out of the question. Nathan Straus carries no pocket mirror. He is a man too big to look for gratitude, but that the educated world should honor themselves by honoring Nathan Straus is a question beyond cavil ❧ ❧

THE PHI-  
LISTINE



If you would have a thing well done, order the waiter to bring it rare—and give no tips.



CHOPENHAUER was the first man who ever analyzed love. He took it apart and examined it, giving us the formula. He found a thing that we always suspected—that sexual attraction exists between all healthy men and women. It runs all the way from simply a feeling of pleasant curiosity to violent passion. Romeo and Juliet really knew nothing about each other, but were quite willing to forego disgrace and death to be together. Love at first sight always hinges on ignorance. Romeo and Juliet were simply the victims of the Genius



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of the Genus of Life. These germs are parasites, and they take complete possession of the being at times, to the absolute disregard of reason and safety. The race is saved from extinction through indiscretion. Rebot in his exhaustive work on "Embryology" regards gestation as purely parasitical, a taking possession of the mother's body without her leave and without her desire, feeding on her vitality. He draws parallel comparisons between the parasite in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and shows how the mistletoe clings to the tree and feeds upon it until the life of the foster-mother is sapped. In animal life the male bee and the male spider, for instance, die on the instant that the sexual office is performed. The female is not satisfied until she has lured the male to his death, and the Genius of the Germs in him leads him to his doom. He prefers gratification and death to life without experience. Talk about lovers dying for each other—it is not such idle talk, after all!

With some kinds of spiders the female clutches the male in conjugal embrace, and after he has vitalized her eggs she still holds fast to him and eats him up. And when she lays her eggs she, too, dies—she always dies in childbirth, a victim of her passionate love.

In modified form this passion in man which **THE PHI-**  
does not count the cost is the same thing as **LISTINE**  
the passion of the spider—it is the Genius of  
the Genus of Life making use of an organism  
for Nature's purpose.

When David saw Bathsheba working on the  
house-top, and could neither eat nor sleep until  
he possessed her, and she saw him and know-  
ing his passion, made no effort to escape, the  
Genius of the Germs was at work. If ever there  
was a guilty passion this was one—read your  
Bible! It involved deceit, force, lying and mur-  
der, but it produced—what?

I'll tell you.

It produced Solomon.

And Solomon we are told was the wisest man  
who ever lived.

And wise men and great men are produced in  
no other way—there is only one recipe for pro-  
ducing an Erasmus, a Leonardo or a William  
the Conqueror. It is love that conquers the  
world.

The Genius of the Genus is nature's instinct  
working for reproduction. And the by-product  
is art, poetry, religion and all and every form  
of beauty that man conceives and creates. There  
is more to be said on the subject, but I guess  
it can wait.

**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**

**Some people get results if kindly encouraged—but give me the man who can do things in spite of hell !**



**HERE** is no Out West now, yet I can remember when there was. It was at Dodge City. A man came into the dining room, and when the waiter girl pulled back his chair, he took out his handkerchief and dusted the seat. Then he pulled up his trousers daintily and sat down. Next he proceeded to polish his knife and fork with the napkin.

The girl looked on amazed, and finally without even a smile she proceeded to place one arm around the neck of the fastidious man, then she wiped his mouth with a napkin and gave him a Hobson kiss you could have heard a block. It sounded like a steer's foot being pulled out of a damp buffalo wallow.

The girl then took the gentleman's order which was very light. He ate fast and got out quickly.



**Minimize friction and create harmony. You can get friction for nothing but harmony costs courtesy and self-control.**



**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**

**I**N a lecture the skilled speaker moves from point to point, just one theme after another, deftly joined to form a whole. Oratorical skill lies largely in joining this with that. These breaks in between are absolutely necessary, otherwise no speaker could hold an audience a half hour. The speaker plays comedy off against pathos and fills in with fact and fancy, and not too much of either. In life it is the same—the divisions of the day, the week, the month, the season make existence possible. Without these divisions time would appall us and our senses would reel and stumble before a monotony that knows no respite.

We are urged on by goad and greens; lured by love, hope, faith and ambition; goaded by the fear of failure. We live from hour to hour—moving forward from point to point.



**Truth is the opinion that still survives.**



**CLIP** the following from Brother Bok's Home Journal, my, my, my!

A lady stepped from the Limited Express at a side station, on a special stop order. To the only man in sight she asked:

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"When is the train for Madison due here, please?"

"The train went an hour ago, ma'am; the next one is tomorrow at eight o'clock."

The lady in perplexity then asked:

"Where is the nearest hotel?"

"There is no hotel here at all," replied the man.

"But what shall I do?" asked the lady. "Where shall I spend the night?"

"I guess you'll have to stay all night with the station agent," was the reply.

"Sir!" flashed up the lady, "I'd have you know I'm a lady."

"Well," said the man as he strode off, "so is the station agent."



Idleness is death, and a search for pleasure is sure to wreck life in shallows and in miseries. Safety and sanity lie in systematic useful effort.



HE modern revival, where such men as Sunday, Torrey, Alexander and Chapman are paid a thousand dollars a week for their services, is a last stand to save Orthodoxy from extinction. The churches are business institutions, holders of property, and the preachers thrive as the church thrives. Rather than that the spirit of light should live and prosperity follow, spielers for Churchianity are employed to

do what the local clergy dare not, i.e., preach a doctrine that civilization has abandoned. By an appeal to the fears of children, and the ignorant and undeveloped, a wave of maudlin sentiment is evolved that often sweeps people of sense off their feet and stampedes them into mental abandonment. When the mob spirit rules—when fear is rampant, we are all caught, in degree, in the swirl, and reason is dethroned. To unseat reason and enthrone superstition, is the business of Sunday, Torrey, Chapman & Co.

**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**



Happiness and health are synonymous. Happy people do not get sick, unless run over by an automobile or something like that. The whole scientific world now agrees that disease has its rise in morbid mentality.



HERE are people who live near to science and never know it; in the midst of culture and never have it; close to religion and never imbibe it; by the side of nature and still are strangers to her beauties. They are incapable of the concentration necessary to grasp a theme and become enthusiastic over it, and thus they live by the side of happiness and never taste it.

## THE PHI- LISTINE

**T**O write well you must possess a goodly grain of indifference for grammar. Contempt will not do—just indifference—because when you hate a thing you imitate it. Imitation is the sincerest form of insult.

The dropping out of grammar in our public schools is going to allow us to produce a race of writers, a thing not possible as long as we worshipped rules.

Educated people write Johnsonese, and Samuel Johnson lives for us not for his own written words, but for his undress talk in the presence of an indiscreet barbarian.



Many a man looking for Sympathy needs really two Swift Kicks properly placed.



**D**OWN in New York I met Charles G—D—Roberts, and he said:  
“ Say, I know a nice German place; won't you come along and have some delicatessen with me? We can have some Bockwurst and Feldschlössle Bier or Knoedels and Wuerzburger, or perhaps you 'd like Spaetzele and Niersteiner, or Bretzels and Muenchener Hofbraeu—No? Don't care about

it? Then I 'll have to leave you—no hard feelings, I hope." Q And I hoped.

---

**THE PHILISTINE**

Your opportunity is like a gold mine—it gives you the chance to dig—dig—dig!

---

Isn't it strange that the one thing for which God will welcome you into Heaven is the very thing for which men turn you out of church, and society passes you the skiddoo? It looks as if God had nothing to do with either church or society—goodness me!

---

The side-saddle was the invention of a Princess who had congenital hip disease, and could not ride astride. To save her embarrassment, all of the ladies of her court secured side-saddles and rode in the same way. The fashion spread and we continued it until about five years ago, when many good women who rode horseback publicly acknowledged themselves as bipeds. The world moves!

---

The last sin to die is pride, because it was the first virtue. Everything that has an ego has pride. In fact the ego itself is a manifestation of pride. The most subtle form of pride is the humility that prides itself on being without pride.



**THE PHI-** If you wish to be miserable, you must think  
**LISTINE** about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.

---

Of all the animals man enjoys the supreme distinction of being the only one to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains.

---

Your relatives are people who neither know how to live nor when to die.

---

Ruskin, Carlyle and Browning, the three greatest literary men of the Victorian Age, forever forfeited their place in the Pantheon of the Great by rejecting the Law of Evolution.

---

From the dawn of civilization the rule has been that the educated man should do no work, and that the man who worked should not be educated. The idea that all men should work and all should be educated is a very modern thought.



He alone is immune from Macrocephalia who has Butted the Wall three times and perceived that the Wall fell not.

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There is no joy in life equal to the joy of  
putting salt on the tail of an idea. ❀ ❀ ❀

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Single Copies, Ten Cents.  
OCTOBER, 1906

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# LITTLE JOURNEYS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

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Frontispiece Portrait of each subject. Text on Roycroft water-mark, hand-made paper, initials and title-page hand illuminated, bound in limp chamois-silk-lined, gilt top and silk marker. Price of volumes is Three Dollars each. A few specially bound in boards with leather backs and corners, at Five Dollars each.

**THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.**

Entered at the postoffice at East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y., as second-class matter. Copyright by Elbert Hubbard, 1906.

# The Philistine

Vol. 23

NOVEMBER, 1906

No. 6

It is the finest thing in the world to live—most people only exist.



## What Your Child Should Know

**T**HINK the first condition of a good education is that the child should know that all he uses does not fall from heaven ready-made, but is produced by other people's labor. To understand that all he lives on comes from the labor of other people who neither know nor love him, is too much for a child (God grant he may understand it when he is grown up); but to understand that the boots and galoshes he always puts on clean are cleaned in the same way—not out of love for him, but for some other reason quite unintelligible to him—is something he can and should understand, and of which he should be ashamed. If he is not ashamed and if he continues to use them, that is the very worst commencement of an educa-


**THE PHILISTINE** tion, and leaves the deepest traces for his whole life. To avoid that, however, is very simple, and is just what (to use poetic language), standing on the threshold of the grave, I beseech you to do for your children. Let them do all they can for themselves: carry out their own slops, fill their own jugs, wash up, arrange their rooms, clean their boots and clothes, lay the table, etc. Believe me that, unimportant as these things may seem, they are a hundred times more important for your children's happiness than a knowledge of French, or of history. It is true that here the chief difficulty crops up: children do willingly only what their parents do, and therefore I beg of you, do these things. This will effect two objects at once: it makes it possible to learn less, by filling the time in the most useful and natural way, and it trains the children to simplicity, to work, and to self-dependence. Please do this. You will be gratified from the first month, and the children yet more so. If to this you can add work on the land, if it be but a kitchen-garden, that will be well; though it often becomes a mere pastime. The necessity of attending to one's own needs and carrying out one's own slops is admitted by all the best schools, such as Bedale, where the director of the school himself takes a share



in such work. Believe me, that without that condition there is no possibility of a moral education, a Christian education, or a consciousness of the fact that all men are brothers and equals. A child may yet understand that a grown-up man, his father—a banker or a turner, an artist or an overseer, who by his work feeds the whole family—may free himself from occupations which prevent his giving all his time to his profitable work. But how can a child—as yet untried and unable to do anything—explain to himself that others do for him what he naturally should do for himself? The only explanation for him is that people are divided into two classes—masters and slaves ; and however much we may talk to him in words about equality and the brotherhood of man, all the conditions of his life, from his getting up, to his evening meal, show him the contrary.

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**LEO TOLSTOY.**

✱ ✱ ✱  
 **COMMONPLACE** people have good memories. They never forget the good they do ; the wrongs that are done them ; nor the faults of their friends. Memory means misery, but heaven lies in faith, hope and love ; and love looks to the East, with a finger to her lips.



## **Heart to Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of his Flock**



**HE** civilized world is now experiencing a great Mental and Spiritual Awakening.

It is an Awakening similar to that of Greece in the time of Pericles; of Rome in the time of Augustus; of Italy in the time of Michael Angelo—say, in the year 1492, when Columbus set sail and the invention of printing gave learning to the people.

We are living in the greatest time the world has ever seen—a time that will live in history as The Great American Renaissance. Some will call it “The Age of Edison.”

Beginning with a shower of inventions and discoveries, this Awakening has extended to every domain of human thought and endeavor. The vast changes, for example in the matter of Transportation, only symbol the changes that have occurred in our ideals of right and wrong. Within thirty years' time we have evolved:

**A new science of Education.**

**A new science of Theology.**

**A new science of Medicine.**

**A new science of Penology.**

**A new science of Business.**

Emerson defines Commerce as the taking of things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. **THE PHI-LISTINE**

Business is that field of endeavor which undertakes to supply the materials to humanity that life demands.

The clergy are our spiritual advisors, preparing us for a good place in another world. The lawyers advise us on legal themes—showing us how to obey the law, or else evade it, and they protect us from lawyers. The doctors look after us when disease belief attacks our bodies.

And until about the year 1876, we called Theology, Law and Medicine "The Three Learned Professions." If we use the phrase now, it is only in a Pickwickian sense—for we realize that there are now fifty-seven varieties of learned men.

The greatest and most important of all the professions is that of Commerce or Business. Medicine and Law have their specialties—a dozen each—but Business has ten thousand specialties or divisions.

So important do we now recognize Business, or this ministering to the material wants of humanity that Theology has shifted its ground, and within a few years has declared that to eat rightly, dress rightly and work rightly are the fittest preparation for a life to come.

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The best lawyers now are Business Men, and their work is to keep the commercial craft in a safe channel where it will not split on the rocks of litigation nor founder in the shallows of misunderstanding. Every lawyer will tell you this, "To make money you must satisfy your customers."

The greatest change in business came with the One Price System. This has all been brought about since the Civil War.

The old idea was for the seller to get as much as he possibly could for everything he sold. Short weight, short count and inferiority in quality were considered quite proper and right, and when you bought a dressed turkey from a farmer, if you did not discover the stone inside the turkey when you weighed it and paid for it, there was no redress. The laugh was on you. And moreover a legal maxim—caveat emptor—"let the buyer beware," made cheating legally safe.

Dealers in clothing guaranteed neither fit nor quality, and anything you paid for, once wrapped up and in your hands, was yours beyond recall—"Let the buyer beware!"

A few hundred years ago business was transacted mostly thru fairs, ships, and by peddlers. Your merchant of that time was a peripatetic

rogue who reduced prevarication to a system. ¶ The booth gradually evolved into a store, with the methods and customs of the irresponsible keeper intact, the men cheated their neighbors and chuckled in glee until their neighbors cheated them, which of course, they did. Then they cursed each other, began again and did it all over. John Quincy Adams tells of a certain deacon who kept a store near Boston, who always added in the year 1775, at top of column, as seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents.

The amount of misery, grief, disappointment, shame, distress, woe, suspicion and hate caused by a system which wrapped up one thing when the buyer expected another, and took advantage of his innocence and ignorance as to quality and value, cannot be computed in figures. Suffice it to say that duplicity in trade has had to go. The self-preservation of the race demanded honesty, square dealing, one-price to all.

The change only came after a struggle, and we are not quite sure of the one-price yet.

But we have gotten thus far, that the man who cheats in trade is tabu. Honesty as a business asset is fully recognized. If you would succeed in business you can't afford to sell a man something he does not want; neither can you afford to disappoint him in quality any more than in

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count. ¶ Other things being equal, the merchant who has the most friends, will make the most money. Our enemies will not deal with us.

To make a sale and acquire an enemy is poor policy. To a peddler or a man who ran a booth at a bazaar or fair, it was "get your money now or never." Buyer and seller were at war. One transaction and they never met again. The air was full of hate and suspicion, and the savage propensity of physical destruction was refined to a point where hypocrisy and untruth took the place of violence. The buyer was as bad as the seller—if he could buy below cost he boasted of it. To catch a merchant who had to have money was glorious—we smote him hip and thigh! Later we discovered that being strangers he took us in.

The One Price System has come as a necessity, since it reduces the frictions of life and protects the child or simple person in the selection of things needed, just the same as if the buyer were an expert in values and a person who could strike back if imposed upon. Safety, peace and decency demanded the One Price System. And so we have it—with possibly a discount to the clergy, to school teachers and relatives as close as second cousins. But when we reach the point where we see that all men are brothers,

we will have absolute honesty and One Price to all. **THE PHILISTINE**

And so behold we find the Government making favoritism in trade a crime and enforcing the One Price System by law. And just remember this, law is the crystallization of public opinion and no law not backed up by the will of the people can be enforced. As we grow better we have better laws. In Kansas City last week three men were fined forty thousand dollars each for cutting prices. They were railroad men and railroads have only one thing to sell, and that is transportation. To cut the price on it and sell to some at a less figure than to others, is now considered not only immoral, but actually criminal. The world moves.

And this change in the methods of Business, and in our mental attitude towards trade have all grown out of dimly-perceived but deeply felt belief in the Brotherhood of Man, of the Solidarity of the Race.

Also in the further belief that life in all of its manifestations is Divine.

Therefore he who ministers to the happiness and well-being of the life of another is a priest and is doing God's work.

Men must eat, they must be clothed, they must be housed.

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It is quite as necessary that you should eat good food, as that you should read good books, hear good music, hear good sermons or look upon beautiful pictures.

The necessary is the sacred. There are no menial tasks. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." The physical reacts on the spiritual and the spiritual on the physical, and rightly understood, are one and the same thing. We live in a world of spirit and our bodies are the physical manifestation of a spiritual thing, which for lack of a better word we call "God."

We change men by changing their environment. Commerce changes the environment and gives us a better society. To supply good water, better sanitary appliances, better heating apparatus, better food, served in a more dainty way—these are all tasks worthy of the highest intelligence and devotion that can be brought to bear upon them, and every Christian preacher in the world today so recognizes, believes and preaches. ¶ We have ceased to separate the secular from the sacred. That is sacred which serves.

Once a business man was a person who not only thrived by taking advantage of the necessities of people, but who banked on their ignorance of values. But all wise men now know that the way to help yourself is to help humanity.

**Q** We benefit ourselves only as we benefit others.  
**Q** And the recognition of these truths is what has today placed the Business Man at the head of the learned professions—he ministers to the necessities of humanity.

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Football occupies the same relation to education that a bull fight does to farming.



**T**HE most numerous of all the various divisions of trade is that of Retail Grocer

There are two hundred and fifty thousand Retail Grocers in America.

We can't eat a meal without first interviewing our grocer. You can omit the preacher, waive the lawyer, but you 'll have to send for the doctor unless you deal with the right grocer.

Our lives are literally in his hands.

He supplies the fuel that keeps our vital processes in motion. Just a little of the wrong kind of food and our outlook on the world is disturbed, and the young men carry us out.

"Of all the men in my employ, the only one with whom I dare not break friendship is my cook," said Frederick the Great. He would better have said "my grocer," for the cook cooks



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what the grocer provides. Of all men the Retail Grocer should be a man of integrity and intelligence ❧ ❧ ❧

But what do we find? This—that the Grocery Trade is popularly regarded as the smallest, meanest and most insignificant of all the divisions of business. When we wish to express our disdain we call him a "Grocer's Clerk," and at all of the German Universities the words "Philistine" and "Grocer" are synonymous. Recently, the word Philistine has been redeemed, for we remember the definition given by Leslie Stephen, "Philistine—a term of reproach used by prigs to designate people they do not like."

In truth, many a good word was first flung off as an epithet—Methodist, Quaker, Democrat, and Commercial, were once all words of contempt ❧ ❧ ❧

The Grocer has often stood to us as a glib and oily party, who sold us sand for sugar, chicory for coffee, alum for cream of tartar, and axle grease for butter. Then another reason why we have despised him, is the ease with which the sheriff has sold him out. He has n't made enough money to be really respectable, and we all recognize that a man hopelessly in debt is dishonest. No man on half rations can ever tell the truth ❧ ❧ ❧

But gradually the Grocer is being caught in the Spirit of the Times—he is in the grip of the Zeit-Geist, just as we all are. **THE PHILISTINE**

A clergyman does not necessarily minister to society as much as does the grocer, and should not be granted any more privileges or honors.

¶ In the time of Mozart, musicians ranked with coachmen and grocers, and ate at the same table. Possibly the idea was all right, only they did not think enough of coachmen and grocers.

¶ And the grocer is growing honest—or I should say, he is desiring to be honest.

And all we sincerely desire comes about.

Grocers deal in two kinds of goods—package and bulk. The package goods are packaged by the manufacturer, and bulk goods are packaged by the grocer.

With the marvellous invention of machines that can talk, have come machines that package goods without the touch of human hands, in one-tenth of the time and at one-half the cost, that a grocer can package them.

Many of these package or proprietary goods are made by responsible, scientific men, who guarantee weight, count and quality. To facilitate trade they place on the package the retail price at which it shall be sold.

And within a very few years some of these manu-

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facturers have begun to print a guarantee on the package that if the consumer is not satisfied with his purchase in every way, the retailer is authorized to pay the customer his money back. ¶ This plan of trade is called Moneybacking your product.

It is a brand new idea, and never before has been attempted in the history of the world. Money back without question or quibble on demand!

That is to say, the retailer offers to give the customer back his money on the return of the goods; the wholesaler stands ready to take back from the retailer all or any goods and pay his money back; the manufacturer agrees to take from the wholesale dealer his stock and return the money on demand.

The initiative in this New Way, it will be seen, has come and must come from the manufacturer who has the capital, the courage and the faith to Moneyback his product.

The plan of Moneybacking all package goods saves the Retail Grocer from the risk of overstocking, and better still, it saves the manufacturer and his salesman from the temptation of putting out inferior goods, and selling stock for which there is no market.

And this gets us around to the ethical proposi-

tion that no Business Man can afford to sell anybody goods that he does not need. All trade must be reciprocal or it is immoral. This thought has found lodgment in the business world only since about 1890.

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Package goods are coming into general use for three reasons; First, the realization that goods in bulk exposed to dust, dirt and bacteria in the air, and from the handling by human hands are unsanitary and dangerous. Second, the economy, safety, tastefulness and great convenience of the package. Third, the guarantee of quality that goes with the name of a responsible and scientific manufacturer.

And this is appreciated by all intelligent people.

¶ Yet in handling package goods there has been one very great and serious evil to face for all parties concerned. And that is, the cutting of prices. If a proprietary brand was known by the public to be excellent and desirable, some dealer in order to attract trade was sure to cut the price. If the regular retail price fixed by the manufacturer and printed on the package was twenty-five cents, some dealer would advertise it at twenty cents. Another would meet the cut by selling it for eighteen cents, or actual cost to him. Even if he sold at ten per cent profit he lost money, for a retailer should have at least

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twenty per cent margin or he is skating on thin ice ❄️ ❄️

What was the result? Why, the genuine brand would be dislodged from the market and something "just as good" made by an irresponsible maker would be substituted, and the precious innards of the consumer would pay the penalty.

¶ The great question has been, how can the Retail Grocers be protected against each other, so all may reap a legitimate profit, and the public still be protected from spurious brands and bulk goods of doubtful quality?

The Moneyback plan was good as far as it went, but it did not stop cutting prices, which meant ruin for the brand and ruin for the dealer. When one man cut one thing, one another thing, each would have to meet the cut of all and all of each, and so ruin each other's business.

The vast increase in proportion of package goods to bulk goods requires that the retailer be protected against his own indiscretion; and the package goods industry must be confined to those who have the ability and faith to Moneyback their products. The time is at hand, and now is when retailers will refuse to buy any but Moneyback goods, and when manufacturers in order to save themselves must adopt the New Way.

And this is the New Way, the invention of Mr.

A. Schilling of San Francisco, a man who has raised Business to a Fine Art. The New Way is a ridiculously simple plan, but a method which means a just profit, and a fair field for all concerned. So here you are: The manufacturer fixes the retail price and bills to the wholesale dealer at that price, less his trade discount, freight prepaid, an agreement being signed that the wholesale dealer shall keep to the established price, and give up his stock if he breaks the agreement, the whole transaction being Moneyback either way on demand.

The wholesale dealer then bills to the retailer at the retail price, no discount excepting the usual discount for cash in ten days. When the retailer opens his case he finds in an envelope a draft for the amount of this profit on that particular case. He signs his name on the back of this draft, and at once deposits it to his credit in the bank as so much cash. On the back of this draft is an agreement that the retailer will give up his stock, and accept his money back on demand if he cuts the price, and when he endorses the draft he signs the agreement.

And that is all there is of the New Way. It is so simple and plain that any grocer's clerk can understand it, yet being new, it will take a little time to come into general use, for we always

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look with suspicion on new ideas and new plans.  
**Q** But it has got to come—it has got to come in order to raise the business of the Retail Grocer to a point where it commands respect, insures safety, and where the man makes a profit that will make him respect himself. This has got to come, in order to encourage the manufacturer to give us the best result of his labor, and to insure the consumer that he is getting what he pays for.


Study it out now, ye wise men, and see if you can find a single, solitary flaw in the New Way!



Love and worship to a woman are one—and they should be to a man.



 **T** is beautiful what a bunch there is of us in the United States Senate—Bob Taylor of Tennessee, Bob LaFollette of Wisconsin, Ben Tillman of South Carolina, Dolly Dolliver of Iowa, Sis Hopkins of Illinois—all first class Chautauqua talent, Class A entertainers, impersonators and lightning change artists 

In order to join the Senate Club you have to be a multi-millionaire or a mime  Any man who can do a good twenty-minute turn, or

a two-hour stunt any time as the needs of the manager require, need not be discouraged.

Chauncey Depew was a fairish Class B vaudeville performer, until he lost his teeth. He lost them at the Auditorium in Chicago in 1901. He was born with false teeth, but this night he lost them in an impassioned moment—just as he was getting off a pun the teeth flew over the footlights. "I'm on," said a man in the fourth row, handing them to the leader of the orchestra and he handed them to the speaker, saying, "Chauncey, are these your grinders?" But it was of no use, Chauncey had lost more than his teeth, he had lost his nerve.

And that is just what public speaking is—a matter of nerve ☞ When your nerve is gone, you are out ☞ Public speaking means getting your goods in the show window at exactly eight fifteen P. M.

So Chauncey got the count—not even his money could save him.

Papa Hershey is pushing me hard for Chauncey's place. He says that Platt and I would work together like Spooner and LaFollette.

Pop, however, insists that if he places me in the American House of Lords he is entitled as impresario to a twenty per cent commission on my salary ☞ This is our only difference ☞ I



**THE PHILISTINE** have offered ten per cent as a compromise, and if we can adjust the matter, I 'll go.

The beauty of the Senate is that you do not have to be there, and your honorarium goes right along just the same.

Popsy has Beveridge working on a monologue for the Asbury Circuit this fall; and if I go to the Senate, Popsy, the man who has made us and not we ourselves, proposes to organize an All-Senator-Vaudeville and work the Chautauquas for fair, because that is what the Chautauqua is—a cross between a country fair and a camp meeting ☞ Culture is what this country needs—culture! Bishop Galloway says, “I glory in the fact that I am a Jack-Screw in the hands of the Divinity being used to elevate the masses” ☞ And so I glory in the fact that I belong to a Jack's Crew, organized to elevate the Chautauquas.



Get right with man and you are right with God.



ATO committed suicide on the eve of victory. That was absurd in Cato—he should have waited and let fate show her hand.

The other day a blow-in arrived,

flying light, with no return ticket. He was a college graduate with Marxian proclivities, many accomplishments, and wished to lead the ideal life as laid down by Sir Thomas More, Rousseau, William Morris, Herron, Triggs, Sinclair and Ali Baba.

He desired to use his life for human betterment—to help usher in the Better Day. “At last, at last!” he sighed, “I have found a place where I can truly live and not merely exist,” and he sat down on a bench.

“We need you,” I said, “You see that man shoveling coal in the cellar? One man on a team is non-ethical and mal-economic. According to Crosby, that man needs your influence. Help him!”

“What! and shovel coal?”

“Yes.”

“Not I—I renig on shoveling coal! I came here to have you publish my book, ‘The Treason of the Trusts,’ and give lectures on Ethics in Economics.”

He reached the station just in time to catch the Skidoo Express, Number Twenty-three, which leaves at four o'clock.

And the peculiar thing was this: That load of coal was the last wagon load of five car-loads. The trick was his. A very small bluff would

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have made him a reputation—he renigged on the eve of victory. All he got was the disgrace. **MORAL:** Learn at the feet of Serk the Divine Greaser, who is too strong to work. Make a bluff at it—it may be the last load!



Brother Bok says that widows should drink only black tea, unless they be grass widows, in which case green is allowable.



**LITTLE** girl, 'leven years old, goin' on twelve, has been telling me something about the Apis Mellifica, which is short for bee.

The bumblebee and wasps are to Apis Mellifica what a punster is to a humorist. Wasps make wood-pulp paper for I have used their nests for gun-wad.

Bumblebees only make a little honey, and as it is inconvenient to get it away from them, there is no money in raising bumblebees—only excitement ✿ Wasps make honeycomb, but instead of putting honey in the cells they catch spiders and use the cells for prison cells ✿ The wasp is either an undeveloped bee or a degenerate one.

Wasps and bees are second cousins; like men

and baboons they have a common ancestor. Ages ago one band of monkeys struck out for the plains in search of adventure, and these evolved into men; the others took to the woods and are monkeys yet.

Wasps stuck to the woods and still are wasps; but the wasp that followed the clearings became *Apis Mellifica*, or words to that effect.

Bees sting but once and die, but wasps can sting eight hours a day.

Columbus found no bees in America, any more than he found horses, cattle, sheep and goats. He found dogs, but dogs are only domesticated wolves. There were deer and buffalo here, but no one ever hitched a buffalo to a cart, until Buffalo Jones did the trick in 1893.

There were honey-bees in Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs. The bees followed the track of civilization around to Greece and did business at Hymettus in order to supply poets symbols. Then the bees went on to Rome, and Pliny anticipated Maeterlinck and wrote a whole book on them.

Wherever man plants fruit trees and cultivates flowers, and especially white clover, you will find bees. Just as martins come when you put up a bird box, and as pigeons appear when you have a house for them, and corn and wheat; so

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do bees carry the Message to Garcia when they find apple trees and white clover.

Bees send out scouts when about to swarm, looking for good territory, and so when the Spaniards brought the first bees to America in 1720, the bees started west when they swarmed and stayed right with the folks. They did not get across the Mississippi, however, until about the year 1800.

The Philistines had bees in Palestine or Canaan, when the Jews broke loose and went west looking for a good place to locate. The Jews have always followed civilization just like bees, sending out scouts ahead.

No sooner do the pioneers start a town, than Moses Mosinsky shows up with a stock of clothing. Bees and Jews are alike in this—they are industrious and useful. When we want honey, we go to the bees, and when we want to borrow money, we apply to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. People who persecute Jews have no more sense than men have who kill bees with brimstone in order to steal the honey. People who believe in brimstone always kill bees and things.

It has been said, "Man is the most wonderful of all the works of God," but no one ever said so but man. Bees can do things man cannot, and they know things man never will. A queen

bee will lay over a million eggs during the summer. The eggs she lays every day are about double her own weight. These eggs are all alike when they hatch, but by feeding the larva differently, bees produce drones, workers or queens, at will.

It only takes three days for the eggs to hatch. The young are then fed by the nurse bees, which are the bees under sixteen days old. These nurse bees feed the others from glands in their heads that secrete milk.

When the bee is sixteen days old she is of age and goes to work. The average life of the worker is only forty-five days. She just works herself to death, unless winter comes on and then she may live thru until the next year.

There are about fifty thousand bees in a hive, thirty-five thousand workers and fifteen thousand nurse bees or housekeepers. Then there are six hundred drones and one queen. The queen often lives for five years, but the drones never live over winter. As soon as the first sign of winter comes and the flowers begin to wither, the bees have a St. Bartholomew day and kill every drone. Drones have no stingers, but queens and workers have. The workers are females—undeveloped queens.

Bees have five eyes, three they use for seeing

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in the dark and for reading, and two for long distance hustling.

When a hive gets too full, the bees swarm, the old ones going away led by the queen. As soon as the old queen goes, the bees that remain at home immediately grow a new queen.

Bees are very orderly and cleanly. They have inspectors that stay at the door of the hive and see that no bee comes in from the field without a good load of honey. Often if the bee has only a little honey, the inspector will turn him back and give him what is coming to him. The drones buzz around and make a bluff of working, flying around in the sunshine near the hive watching for the queen. The workers do not like the drones and they always kill a great many before St. Bartholomew's day, if Br'er Drone gets too gay. Bees very seldom die in the hive: if they do, it is a sign the whole hive is weak. The bees clean out all dust and dirt with great care, and if a bug or mouse gets into the hive they will straightway kill the intruder. Then if the body is too big for them to drag out they will cover it over and seal it up with propolis, a sticky substance, which bees gather from buds or the bark of trees.

A hive of thirty-five thousand workers will often bring in twenty pounds of honey in a day,

if the flowers are just right, and one man I know **THE PHI-**  
who owns eighty-five hives, has had his bees **LISTINE**  
make a ton of honey in ten hours. And yet one  
bee only gathers a grain of honey a day, and  
may visit three hundred flowers to get it.

The wax, is a secretion from the bee's body, but  
the honey they get from the flowers. The object  
of the honey in the flower is that the insect will  
come and get itself dusted with pollen, which  
they carry to other flowers. So besides gathering  
honey, bees do a very necessary work in the  
fertilization of flowers. In fact, you cannot  
raise white clover without bees, and bees do not  
thrive at their best excepting when they find  
white clover, so thus does nature understand  
her business.

Nature plays some rather mean tricks on men  
and birds and bees, just to get her work done.  
Nature seems to make use of man just as she  
uses bees, and all the time man chuckles and  
congratulates himself that he is using nature.  
But nature says nothing—just lays low and  
works, and man can only guess what the end of  
it all is.



Some of us occasionally ring the bell  
all right, but seldom hit the target at  
which we aim.





**T**WO years ago Ernest Thompson Seton invited a dozen boys from New York City to spend a few days with him at his place in the woods in Connecticut. The boys came and brought the customs of the city with them, because our habits are a part of our luggage. The youngsters did not belong to the best families, and perhaps if they did it would have made no difference. But left to themselves they played cards, smoked cigarettes, tormented the little ones by throwing their hats into the pond, and a few ran away to the village the same afternoon they arrived looking for excitement, and to "rush the can."

Thereupon Ernest just set to work to show those boys how to play. He organized them into an Injun Tribe; gave each one an Injun name; and then the boys elected a Chief, a Medicine Man and a Council, all under the gentle guidance of Black Wolf, or Seton himself. Laws were passed and duly recorded on the Birch Bark Roll, and the tribe evolved naturally into a self-governing democracy, very much like the George Junior Republic.

A Seton Injun is patterned after the Leather Stocking type of James Fenimore Cooper.

He is a brave, manly, intelligent and active

individual. He knows woodcraft and campcraft and is on good terms with bees, birds, butterflies, bats, chipmunks and squirrels.

## THE PHILISTINE

Seton Injuns wear from one to a hundred feathers, and these feathers have been voted to them by the Council, for good behavior and for skill in wood-craft. For instance, any boy who locates a bird's nest and brings back an intelligent account of it, without disturbing either the eggs or young, is rewarded with five feathers which he is entitled to wear in his war bonnet ❧ ❧

Black Wolf believes that idleness in the woods is just as bad as idleness in town, and so good Seton Injuns are kept busy all day. There are scouts sent out and games of deer hunt, spy hunt and man hunt that keep up a goodly degree of healthful excitement.

And so has the idea spread that in the Chautauqua camps all over the United States and in various other camps, young and old unite in Seton Tribes and play Injun.

The good done by the Froebel games is in-computable, and the good done by the Seton games is the same ❧ The man who can set a hundred thousand or more people to playing games out of doors is certainly a genius.

The school that is organized to manage itself

**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**

is the one that is best conducted. Some of the critics of Warden Vincent said in bitter plaint, "He let the prisoners run the place!" not realizing that they were paying the warden the most sincere compliment that could be expressed. The prison that approaches the ideal will be the one that is nearest self-governing. The entire philosophy of Judge Lindsey is along the line of reforming the erring child thru the exercise of his will in governing himself. Every human mind is a medley of impulses and tendencies that must be curbed, controlled, disciplined. So Seton's little experiment in utilizing the tendency to play is a variant of the very best thought in modern psychology and pedagogy ❧ ❧

The White Plague is a house disease and ninety-nine per cent of all diseases are either house diseases or diseases of the mind. There is no medicine equal to a merry laugh—well mixed with fresh air.

To train the imagination along innocent and enjoyable lines is sanity of the highest degree and Ernest Thompson Seton has told us how to do this in a little volume called "The Birch Bark Roll." The book is issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. and will cost just twenty-five cents and no more. If you are a boy, or have a boy,

or have n't forgotten you were once a boy, get the book and then silently think of me and wish me well for having called your attention to a plan of play whereby you can not only be a child again just for tonight, but for many, many moons yet to come.

**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**



**A woman over thirty who will tell her actual age will tell anything—watch her.**



**HE most expensive man you can hire is one who is willing to work for his board. This, simply because he always cares more for his board than he does for his work. A worker works and a boarder boards. It costs two dollars a day to hire a man to keep a boarder doing something besides board. Also the cheapest way for a good man to board to pay for his board. Plans to get something for nothing, are nearly as base as schemes for pauperizing the poor, by giving them things they have not earned.**

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**As long as war is regarded as either righteous or wicked it will exist. When it becomes absurd it will die.**

**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**

Mens sana in corpore sano—oh, certainly! But sometimes Gabriel, the Touchstone of Paradise, gets permission to house a very sane mind in an unsound body, just as if to show pigmy man the folly of precepts. R. L. S. for instance, and how about Elizabeth Barrett Browning?

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When you are shocked, neither leave the room nor laugh, both are vulgar.

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It is very wrong to go about telling things behind one's back, simply because they are true. Eliminate it.

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For a woman to wear too much paint and powder, and not enough clothes, is a sign of despair.

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Jesus loved fishermen—they have such hope!

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All tragedies are born of good intents.

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Marked differences of opinion about a man reveal that his genius is genuine. The saviors of the world have all been greatly loved—and they also have been hanged between thieves.



Recipe for bringing up your children to be kind and considerate: Be kind and considerate.

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